JOHN BULL, JANUARY 2, 1932

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LI.
No. 1333.

GREAT 1932 GIFT TO YOU SEE PAGES 2 & 3

JOHN BULL

How can you work if you get no sleep?

IF you lie awake at nights, tossing and turning from side to side, so that you wake up no more refreshed than when you went to bed, is it any wonder you can't work properly! Sleeplessness is one of the worst of modern troubles. It saps your energy and vitality, robs you of initiative and vision and the power of concentration. Unless you end it, you are on the road to illness and breakdown.

Yet sleeplessness is a thing you can stop, easily, simply, safely. Just take a glass of Wincarnis once or twice a day and always before you go to bed. It is really amazing how quickly Wincarnis puts an end to insomnia. You'll sleep better the very first night—even to-night if you start it to-day. In a few days you will find yourself waking refreshed and re-invigorated as you have not been for years, eager to be up and about the day's work or play. You'll find late nights do not tire you as they used to, find you've lost that "morning after" feeling.

There are no drugs in Wincarnis. It is simply the purest of fine wine with all the essential elements of 2½ lbs. of grapes in every bottle, added to the strength-giving properties of high-grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. No wonder it does you good without unpleasant after effects! It creates rich, new blood, builds up and restores the worn-out nerves, brings you new strength, new vigour, new vitality.

The first delicious glass of Wincarnis you drink will do you good. Notice how you feel fresh vigour stealing through your veins, how nice it is, but above all how much better you begin to sleep.

Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will tell you how good it is. 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Dept. 97, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly?

Ask your grocer. *It's delicious!*

JOHN BULL'S

Our New Year Gift to You worth 25/-

JOHN BULL takes great pleasure in announcing that its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, which throughout 1931 has proved more beneficial than ever before and a boon to thousands of readers, will be renewed for 1932.

The benefits set forth on the opposite page—the most practical and comprehensive ever offered—come into force on January 1st, 1932. They supersede and cancel all lists of Benefits previously published. **Taken out through an Insurance Company, they would cost 25/- per annum.**

Present registered readers are qualified for all the 1932 Benefits. They should not re-register unless they have changed their address or their newsagent.

If you are not already registered, fill in the Registration Forms on Page 34.

Reduced facsimile of Certificate handed to readers upon registration.

GREAT FREE INSURANCE

CONTINUED FOR 1932

12,674 CHEQUES PAID
to Registered Readers during 1931.
TOTAL CHEQUES PAID TO DATE
73,289
Including Benefits such as Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness offered by no other paper

BENEFITS FOR 1932

FIRE

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at the Registered Reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2—per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

£200—should the Registered Reader and his wife (permanently residing together) be killed by an accident at the reader's registered address and/or garden attached thereto; or

£100—in the case of the death of either under similar circumstances.

£5—for a fracture of a limb or skull under similar circumstances.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

£300—loss caused by **Storm, Tempest or Flood** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by **Lightning or Thunderbolt** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100—loss caused by explosion of **Gas or Domestic Boilers** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100—loss caused by bursting of **Hot-water Pipes or Heating Apparatus** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by **Aeroplanes, Airships or Other Aerial Craft** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together), by **violence caused by burglars or housebreakers** entering the home for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500—or **£250** in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or an outbreak of fire.

£4 per week for both or £2 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or an outbreak of fire.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

£3—will be paid to the parent being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under fifteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist (humerus, radius or ulna), broken leg above the ankle (femur, tibia, or fibula), or fractured skull (cranium), as under:—

In accident to train, tram, 'bus, taxi, or other public vehicle, or whilst a pedestrian in the street struck by a moving vehicle, or while taking part in any sport or game, or while at home or at school, excepting accidents of employment.

BENEFITS FOR 1932

SICKNESS BENEFITS

£10 10s.—in the case of husband and wife, or

£5 5s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (morbilli), Small-pox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Hurling, Pushball, or Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£2—per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull under similar circumstances.

BOATING AND BATHING

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer or motor boat plying for hire.

WIRELESS BENEFIT

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus including Aerials and Supports, licensed to and owned by him at his or her private address as registered.

CONDITIONS

(a) This scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing in and personal effects situated in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, but excepting Ireland so far as benefits under the Riot Clause. Provided that any Registered Reader over seventy years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death, disablement, or sickness.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over fifteen and under seventy years of age registered with JOHN BULL as having personally signed and forwarded to JOHN BULL Registration Department the prescribed registration form, and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of JOHN BULL, which has been continuously received from such Newsagent and paid for.

(c) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, JOHN BULL, 128, Long Acre, W.C., as to accident benefits within seven days, fire and household benefits within forty-eight hours, and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself—Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his own expense. Any misrepresentation or wilful misstatement of facts shall disqualify any application.

(d) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity or intemperance, or if suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident, or whilst in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(e) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(f) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct and sole result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children (if any).

(g) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, and compensation for material damage will be made subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted his or her remedies under any such insurance. Money in cash or otherwise excluded.

(h) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment which shall be deemed as rent.

(i) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(j) The fire and household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects in his or her private dwelling-house, being of permanent construction, apartments, or dwelling-rooms, attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(l) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed, and the Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to this offer by the publication of a notice in JOHN BULL, also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time.

(m) In order to comply with the requirements of the law, the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of JOHN BULL), whose issued share capital is over £1,497,000.

(n) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

FIRE UP TO £400
STORM & FLOOD UP TO £300
SICKNESS UP TO £10.10.0
ACCIDENTS IN THE HOME UP TO £200
CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS £3
SPORTS ACCIDENTS UP TO £500
BOATING AND BATHING UP TO £500
GAS EXPLOSIONS UP TO £100

PURE SILK

8-Strand Fine Gauge Semi-fashioned Stockings, Strengthened with Mercerised Lisle Tops and Feet, Court Sole, Latest Cuban Heel.

THERE ARE FIVE DIFFERENT BRANDS OF HIGH GRADE STOCKINGS NOW AVAILABLE TO BLACK CAT SMOKERS.

Send for Complete List of Stockings and New British Gift List to BLACK CAT "Gifts Dept.," ARCADIA WORKS, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.

EXQUISITE *Lido*

PURE SILK STOCKINGS FREE FOR

90

COUPONS

(= 18 PACKETS OF 20 BLACK CAT RED BAND)

These Stockings are available in all the latest shades (sizes 8½ to 10½) Afternoon, New Brown, Ochre Brown, Deer, Dago, Omar, Florence Mills, Leaf Brown, Mushroom, Gun Metal, Dark Gun Metal, Black or White.

Black Cat

100% PURE *Quality* VIRGINIA *Cigarettes*

5 FULL VALUE COUPONS

IN PACKETS OF 20 BLACK CAT RED BAND 20 for 1/-

AVAILABLE UNTIL DEC 31ST, 1931

10

We acknowledge this Voucher to count as

10 FREE COUPONS

towards any Gift offered to smokers of

Black Cat Cigarettes

RED OR GREEN BAND

Only one of these Complimentary Vouchers will be accepted from any one person

JOHN BULL
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday.
Jan. 2, 1932. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.: all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

They Want Snowden Again

Making Loan Clubs Safer

PROMINENT City men are trying to persuade the Cabinet to bring Lord Snowden out of his new-found obscurity. They would like to see him representing Great Britain at this month's conference on reparations, for they remember how strongly he stood up for British rights at The Hague conference.

There is bound to be a fight between British and French interests at the forthcoming meeting, and Lord Snowden's immense force of character would ensure that France does not get too much of her own way.

General tariff

It is now certain that next April's Budget will contain a general tariff. The rates of duty will not be high—to begin with—and Mr. Chamberlain will soothe the consciences of the Liberals by describing the measure as a "revenue tariff."

It is in this way that Protection will be extended to iron and steel. Conservative Ministers know that if a tariff for that purpose were introduced as anything but a "revenue" measure it would split the Government at once.

But what will Mr. Lloyd George say?

The Premier's future

Mr. MacDonald may deny that he is preparing for a return to the Labour fold, but how far is he a free agent in this matter?

His friends are trying to heal the breach. One of them has written a pamphlet urging that the two branches of the Labour Movement should get together again. Members of the Prime Minister's family are also trying to preserve social relations with orthodox Labour leaders.

Although Mr. Baldwin has promised to stand by him, Mr. MacDonald fears that the Tory Die-hards may overthrow the Conservative leaders; and that would make the Premier's position untenable.

The millers' revolt

Millers are leading the Minister of Agriculture a lively dance. They are opposing the wheat quota scheme so valiantly that Sir John Gilmour has agreed to consider alternative proposals.

What the millers really want is a tariff on imported wheat, which would rid them of the burden of administering the quota. But the Government dare not tax wheat, and Sir John has been told that he must make the millers swallow the quota at any cost.

Hello, P.M.G.!

The Post Office is very busy as a result of the big telephone campaign, but little headway has been made in rural areas. There is a reason. One farmer applicant was told that, owing to the long connection necessary, he would have to subscribe for three lines

It pays to advertise, but even the Postmaster-General, when he starts a publicity campaign, must be prepared to deliver the goods at the advertised price

Our youngest prince

Although Prince George is constantly rendering public service in all sorts of ways, and has just completed a tour in Wales, there can be no doubt that he would welcome a regular appointment overseas since he had to leave the Foreign Office for reasons of health.

He wants work

Unfortunately, however, he is not quite fit enough for the Army or Navy, and it will probably be difficult to provide him with suitable work because he has to spend as much time as possible in the open air.

He should reform.

In six weeks British troops have restored peace to Kashmir, and the Maharajah should be grateful that they were near at hand to deal with the menacing situation.

But he should take care, as we have previously pointed out, that the grievances of his Moslem subjects are speedily remedied. Unless he does so, our troops may not be able to save this Hindu ruler from losing his throne.

It must not fail

The World Disarmament Conference, which will open at Geneva next month, may last well into the summer. The delegates of the big Powers will be backed by battalions of experts to prompt them with facts and figures.

This country will be represented by the Prime Minister and five other Cabinet Ministers, while Mr. Henderson, of course, will do his best as President to persuade the nations to accept a drastic cut in the intolerable burden of armaments.

This Conference *must* not fail.

India's hoarded gold

Efforts are being made to induce wealthy Indian princes to release some of the gold stored in their palaces. The Nizam of Hyderabad, for instance, is reputed to possess over fifty million pounds' worth, and other princes also hold huge amounts.

Some of these potentates, however, are asking why their treasure should be released in order to go direct to the coffers of France and America.

Repair British

The depreciated exchange value of the pound may induce some of the big steamship companies to send repair jobs to British yards.

It is galling for unemployed British workers to know that big ships are going to Hamburg and other Continental yards for repairs which could be done as efficiently and more cheaply in this country. We hope our shipowners will be "British in everything" in future.

Loan club scandal

Legal advisers to the Crown are now at work on a Bill to control loan clubs. It is sponsored by Mr. D. G. Somerville, who has twice tried to introduce such a Bill into Parliament, and will ensure that no money can be withdrawn from such a club unless authorised by three people.

This should prevent the scandal of defaulting officials who victimise poor people. We hope that this long-overdue Bill secures a quick passage through the House.

Dearer potatoes

The practical failure of the home potato crop, due to disease, coincides with the greatly reduced imports of foreign potatoes under a Board of Agriculture order. Farmers have taken advantage of this double shortage to raise their prices by thirty shillings a ton.

Supplies of potatoes often fluctuate. Mr. Runciman must arrange his taxes so that there will be no rise in the cost of the people's food when local crops fail.

Active Die-hards

The Premier will be faced, as soon as Parliament reassembles, with a demand that he should immediately break off all relations with Russia.

His die-hard dirge

A large group of Tory Die-hards, led by Mr. Waldron Smithers, will support this. Their hand is strengthened by the fact, which we reported last week, that the Anglo - Soviet debt negotiations have broken down.

Unless Russia faces this question of debts, she will help the extremists on the Government benches who are pressing for an open rupture.

Oil from coal

Sir Eric Hambro, the banker, is doing a valuable public service in providing funds to start the low-temperature carbonisation of coal by the Salerni process.

He will tour the coalfields this month to find a suitable centre for the experiment, and his foresight has given the British coal industry the first chance of exploiting the discovery.

Other countries, however, are deeply interested, and it is a pity that the Government has not given more attention to Salerni's research work in London.

Absentee M.P.'s

The Treasury expects to save thousands of pounds on M.P.s' railway vouchers, since hundreds of Conservative Members have London houses and do not ask for vouchers to travel to their constituencies each week-end, as the former Labour Members did.

But whether this is a good thing remains to be seen. The Labour men used to come back to work fresh from contact with their constituents, who were able to see them frequently and lay their grievances before them.

We don't want absentee Members in Parliament.

Our Sunday Night Concert
Making Wireless History

TENS of thousands of our readers in every part of the country shared last Sunday evening in John Bull's fascinating wireless experiment—the novel concert programme and competition which we broadcast from Radio Paris at 10.30, just after the B.B.C. service closed down.

Here's Leonard

A great many of them "wrote to John Bull about it" as usual. The concert had a wonderful reception. The programme was heard as clearly as though the actual performers were in their own homes.

We are glad to announce that there is to be another of these wonderful concerts this Sunday, January 3, at 10.30, as before. And Mr. Leonard Henry, the famous wireless comedy star, will be in Paris in person to introduce it for us and to broadcast his own irresistible merriment.

Five hundred pounds must be won by one of our great unseen wireless audience. That is the prize we are offering in a simple but fascinating competition. All our readers have to do is to listen to the gramophone numbers we are broadcasting from Paris and then place the best eight in their order of entertainment value.

Full particulars will be be found on page 27.

The John Bull programme this Sunday evening will give you a real musical treat. And, after you have enjoyed it, you will find that the competition will provide you with a great home game in which all the family can join.

Make sure now that your set is ready to tune in to Radio Paris without fail on Sunday night.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"—(Continued)

Brought to book

Some weeks ago we exposed the callous swindles of George Francis Cadagan, who specialised in cheating unemployed men in the Potteries and the Black Country of their savings. When his victims sought to recover their money he threatened them with the violence of a race-gang with which he said he was associated.

We are glad to see that Cadagan has been sentenced to nine month's imprisonment, following our detailed account of his activities.

A brutal father

James Edward Farrow, of Oldham, is lucky to have escaped facing a judge and jury on a charge of murder. Pushing his young son and daughter into a brook, he held the children under the water, though fortunately they were pulled out just in time. Farrow's wife had already left him because of his ill-treatment.

The magistrates sentenced him to six months' imprisonment. It is a pity that this cold-blooded scoundrel cannot be given a taste of his own medicine.

Pickaxe at work

The roadmen are not alone in wielding the axe in West Suffolk. Their county council has decided to reduce their wages by two shillings a week, so that they will now get only 26s. 5d. after deducting insurance charges.

Does the county council regard this as a living wage?

Last man out

At an inquest on a miner at Tredegar, the coroner expressed an opinion which the management of every colliery should take to heart.

A job for him

The miner was the last man to leave the mine, and was killed on his way out. Because he was last, it was several hours before the tragedy was discovered. The coroner commented that additional checking safeguards should be made to prevent delay in such accidents.

We agree. The lamp-room checking system used in most mines is quite inadequate. The Secretary for Mines, Mr. Isaac Foot, can deal with this by regulation.

Bankrupt employers

Miners at Pencoed, Glamorgan, received an unexpected Christmas box which in some cases amounted to over seven hundred pounds. But these sums were actually wages due to them from a colliery which went into liquidation last June.

This belated share-out lends fresh emphasis to our frequent demand that the wages of workers should be insured.

Flying salesmen

Although the big Chinese city of Hankow is still isolated by floods, some British firms are carrying on business with the city's traders by sending their representatives in aeroplanes.

We have so often commented on the lack of initiative of British business men that it is a pleasure to draw attention to this instance of real enterprise.

A police mistake

An unemployed Gateshead miner, Robert Swinburne, was arrested one night at Newcastle and charged with loitering with intent to commit a felony, though he pleaded that he was looking for a public lavatory.

He was remanded by the magistrates next day, photographed, and had his fingerprints recorded, was handcuffed and taken to Durham Prison. Three days later the Bench decided that the constable's evidence was insufficient and Swinburne was discharged.

This course should have been taken on his first appearance in court.

Enterprise

A new ice palace and a sports stadium are to be built at Manchester at a total cost of nearly £130,000.

The business firms responsible for these projects are not only providing work for a large number of men, but are setting a welcome example to those employers whose feet have been chilled by the trade depression.

Child robber

A woman who admitted robbing thirty-five young children who had been sent by their parents on errands to shops was sentenced at Greenwich, London, to twelve months' hard labour.

Eluding the police for months, she was arrested by a special patrol sent in search of her.

Seeing that she has already served eighteen terms of imprisonment, we wonder that she should be dealt with so leniently.

An infant hero

When fire broke out in the kitchen of his home during the absence of his parents, Maurice Foley, a four-year-old Manchester boy, dragged his little sister from her bed upstairs and through the blazing room to safety. He then returned to rescue their pet cat.

Maurice's pluck deserves special recognition.

Less building

The South Wales Institute of Architects is alarmed at the extent to which building operations are being slowed down in the interests of "economy."

We are glad to receive this confirmation of our protests against such short-sighted measures, particularly in the case of the building trade, where 80 per cent. of expenditure goes in wages.

White elephant

Carlisle Prison was closed in 1922, and the site is costing £4,000 a year. Yet a firm's offer of £20,000 has been rejected. The council has decided to have the site auctioned.

Carlisle ratepayers should see that the negotiations do not last another nine years.

Lost property

In accordance with the Ministry of Transport regulations, the minimum charge payable by the claimant of a "lost" article at a Lost Property Office at any 'bus or coach station is two shillings, though very often the article is hardly worth this sum.

Surely this minimum charge should be revised!

Growing lads

Schoolboys are to be allowed the use of vacant allotments at Hook, in Surrey, rent free. This is a good idea, but what will happen in the spring if, after seeds have been sown and cared for by these youngsters, there should be a rush of applications for the allotments? It would be difficult to refuse rents.

We suggest that the local education authorities should establish a special gardening section.

A wage-stealer

William George Boswell has just been sent to prison for two months by the Bridgend, Glamorgan, magistrates, for stealing workmen's wages. Telling employees of a big Maesteg works that their manager wanted to see them, he arranged for their wages to be drawn in their absence.

This rogue richly deserves his sentence.

Cheerful givers

Men engaged in building a new Salvation Army hostel in the East End of London collected enough money among themselves to provide a good Christmas dinner for 250 homeless women.

We are sure that their own Christmas was the happier for this unselfish gesture.

Island paradise

We regard with envy the Isle of Man, which has no national debt and an income-tax of only 1s. 4d. in the pound. There is practically no unemployment there in the summer, and though there were over a thousand men idle a little while ago, most of them are now working again.

Manxman might re-name their land as the Isle of the Blest.

Law's long arm

Under a law of 1625 twenty-five men were fined at St. Albans for watching greyhounds race on Sunday.

Cardiff police have banned a dance because the city's regulations forbid a dinner-dance at which intoxicants are consumed.

As we have pointed out before, the police have to give their attention to petty offences while real crime increases unchecked.

No cure

Prompt action has been taken in Manchester following revelations of the scandalous overcrowding in the city's slum areas, and several prosecutions have been made.

The main fault does not lie with the unfortunate tenants, however, but rather with the City Council, which will not proceed with the housing schemes so urgently required.

They cut too fine

Following our recent article on the price-cutting methods of many tradesmen, the discharge from bankruptcy of one of the biggest firms of cut-price confectioners in London has been suspended for a year, the Registrar remarking that the debtors had "cut too fine."

We hope that other price-cutters will be forced to refrain from unfairly competing with tradesmen who charge proper prices.

Found

A few weeks ago we asked for the address of Mrs. Prado, widow of a Chilean naval officer, who was found to be eligible for a pension from the Chilean Government after its attention had been drawn to her case by an article in JOHN BULL.

We learn that Mrs. Prado is now in Chile, establishing her claim. We are glad to have been of assistance in this matter, as in others.

Welcome support

In a recent issue of JOHN BULL Sir Wyndham Childs exposed the methods of certain hire-purchase tricksters. "The distinguished writer of the article," states the *Credit World*, "has done great service to the trade."

We are glad to see that our views are echoed by this organ of reputable hire-purchase traders.

Land for heroes

We recently drew attention to the many cases of hardship in Glasgow under the Rent Restriction Act. We are glad to see that the Under-Secretary for Scotland is to visit the city and study the problem.

He promises . . .

Mr. David Kirkwood promises to show him a district where there is one water-tap to fifty families and the houses have earthen floors and are lit by paraffin lamps. Yet the rent of these hovels is to be increased.

We repeat our demand for prompt action in such cases.

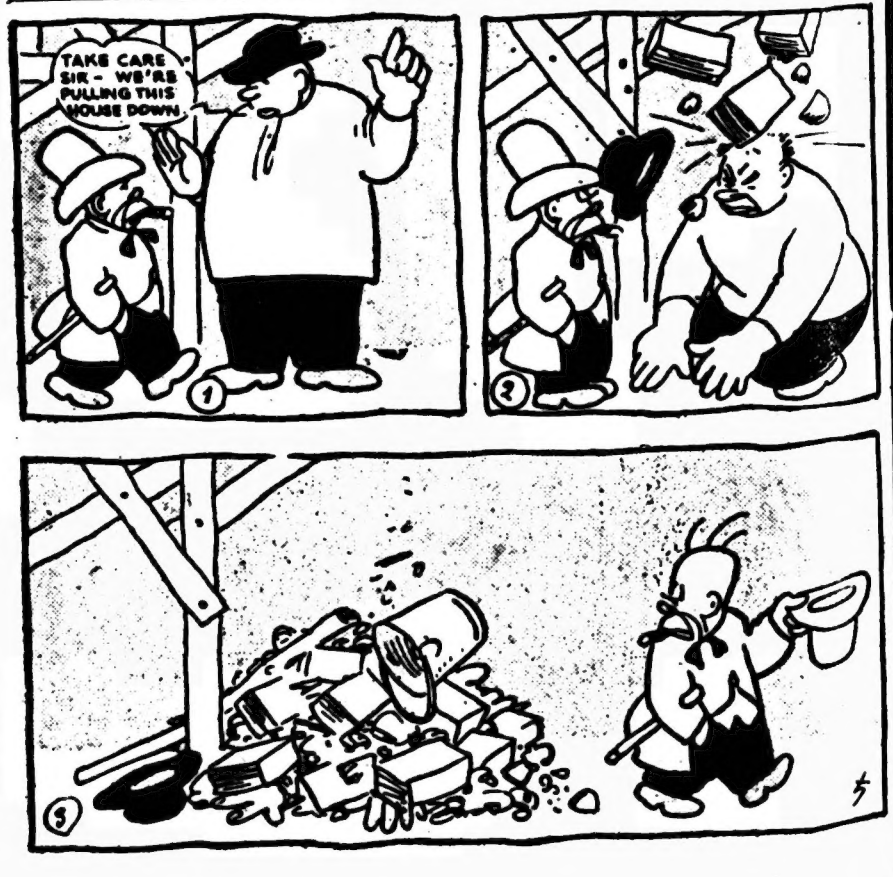
Gone away

Two of our readers who sent money to the Staffordshire Potteries, Foley, Fenton, Staffs., for cheap lines of crockery have received acknowledgment of the amounts sent, but the goods have not been received.

Investigation reveals that the works are closed, and correspondence has been returned by the postal authorities.

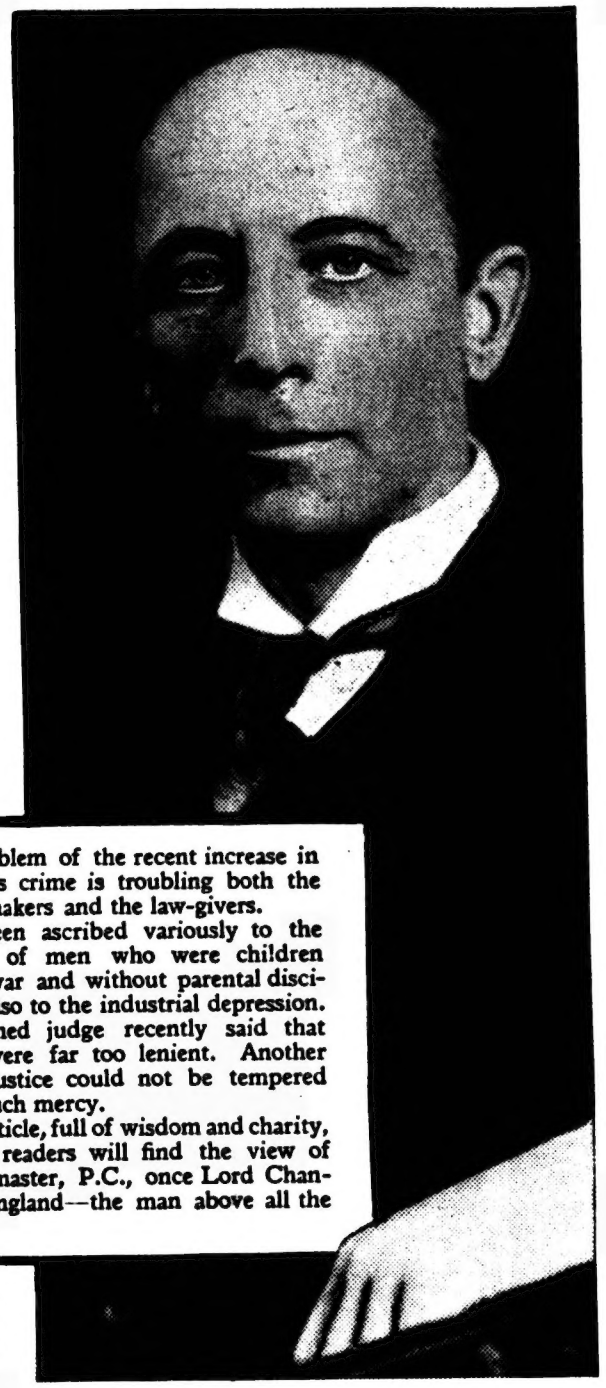
Many complaints reach us in connection with the methods of cheap crockery concerns, and it is advisable that one should know something of their bona fides before parting with cash.

ADAMSON —Passes By!



MY PLAN *to* CURE CRIME

by LORD BUCKMASTER, G.C.V.O., P.C.



THE problem of the recent increase in serious crime is troubling both the law-makers and the law-givers.

It has been ascribed variously to the growing-up of men who were children during the war and without parental discipline, and also to the industrial depression.

One learned judge recently said that sentences were far too lenient. Another said that justice could not be tempered with too much mercy.

In this article, full of wisdom and charity, JOHN BULL readers will find the view of Lord Buckmaster, P.C., once Lord Chancellor of England—the man above all the judges.

IN the last century Dostoievsky wrote "Crime and Punishment," a book of sordid horror and of unexampled power.

It describes the commission of a brutal and hideous murder, its expiation by the criminal, and his redemption, not by the hardships he was sentenced to undergo, but by the devotion of a friend.

This book shows better than volumes of prison reports the fact, so often overlooked, that crime has two aspects: its offence against the moral law and that against the law of man. The latter is alone the work of the law-giver, but the two things, though totally distinct, are commonly confused.

The true function of laws is not to punish by inflicting pain as an act of retaliatory vengeance for pain which the criminal may have caused. It is to protect society against the repetition of the offence.

"Revenge" is dangerous

SO far as severe punishment effects this purpose, it may be justified, but the punishment which gives legal expression to the common view that "it serves him right, and a good flogging is what he wants," does not further the ends of justice, and encourages the very brutality that it ought to stop.

Crimes and their causes are as manifold as all the innumerable intricacies of human nature.

Some are the expression of degraded and brutalised character; some the result of evil environment; others—and these are chiefly financial—are the products of careful calculation as to how best to profit from the credulity and ignorance of others; and some are beyond the power of the criminal to restrain.

Everyone is bound by certain limits which he cannot overstep.

For some the path is narrow, and for others the path is wide. But people born with perverted instincts, or whose minds have been deranged by illness or accident, have but little freedom of will; yet all alike may be classed as criminals, and all must equally be restrained.

It is not, however, the severity of the punishment that is the real test of the restraint.

Manufacturing brutes

A MAN sentenced to two years' hard labour and a flogging will be liberated at the end of the time a confirmed enemy of human society.

It would have been far better had his sentence been prolonged under conditions that might do something to restore the moral balance of his nature.

Punishment, however, is so often in the minds of the people rather than prevention that it almost seems to be the gratification of a natural instinct.

A recent publication has told how Queen Elizabeth narrowly escaped being shot by a man who fired—probably by accident—into her barge.

The lords of the Council on their knees begged that the man might suffer ten thousand deaths, and regret was expressed that the laws of England lagged so far behind the laws of the rest of Europe that the offender could not be tortured to death.

But that rare, wise woman, Elizabeth, knew far better; she reprieved the man upon the scaffold and set him free.

Popular judgment is often right, but popular passion is unvaryingly wrong, and in some form or another payment has to be made for its indulgence. Punishment for crime should always be regarded as an act of that justice whose pulse no passion should ever have the power to stir.

No crimes more justly arouse public opinion than those against children.

A hideous crime

IN dealing with this kind of criminal, the right course is to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an outrage.

This a sentence of imprisonment will fail to accomplish. Such a man is liberated with his horrible instincts untamed and uncontrolled, and if, as is possible, his mind is wholly unbalanced, the offence will in all probability be repeated. Were he deprived of the power he has so misused he might be a normal citizen, and lead a normal life.

Another crime, more prevalent than people know, is that of procuring abortion. It is terrible to think that women, broken by the burden of children they have not the strength to bear or the means to keep, should be driven to such extremity as their sole resource. The most obvious remedy for this is to avoid the necessity for its commission.

In all cases, the causes of crime should be examined. To say, as was done the other day, that the cause of crime was to be found in "greed, lust, vanity and anger," does little to add to our stock of knowledge, and lends nothing to the search for the means by which crime should be lessened.

The Report of the Commissioner of Prisons for the year 1928 states that of 547 men discharged to the care of an association for the aid of discharged prisoners, 353 were classed as persistent criminals, and that 74 of every 100 of them would be sent to prison again.

Successions of long or severe punishment can have no effect on this class of criminal; they simply multiply the list of sad cases continually reported in the Press, where men have reached old age after spending the greater part of their lives in prison under continually recurring sentences.

Two such cases have recently been reported; one where a man of seventy-three had spent thirty-four years in jail, and another eighty-four years old who had spent forty-six years.

Soul-destroying work

FOR such men prolonged control is necessary, but it should not be of the nature that now exists in convict establishments.

If men are to be put to work as part of their punishment, there is no reason why the work should be made as grim and depressing as possible. Work in stone quarries and on barren moors, pursued from day to day in endless monotony, can accomplish nothing.

Why should it be impossible to have places where men can work in developing fruit farms or helping in the care of animals? To influences of this kind many would respond, and the public conscience would not be shocked by the thought that such an occupation should be, in substance, a life's work.

In Canada I saw a group of men working as gardeners in the grounds of the Lieutenant-Governor of one of the Provinces. Canadians are not assumed to be a peculiarly docile people, but I was told that no difficulty ever arose from this use of prison labour, and although, of course, they were under supervision, the supervision was not in any sense obtrusive.

"Punishment must not merely fit the crime, it must fit the criminal"

Give science a hand

ALL laws are in constant need of revision and change. There is no idea so false as that which believes that when something is accomplished it is accomplished for ever.

The sun never looks twice upon the same world, and the fact that things were good enough for our fathers is one of the most cogent arguments for proving that they are not good enough for us.

Disease and crime are the great enemies of all society, and over both we have obtained notable victories, but with regard to the latter we have not used the same scientific means of examination that have been successful in the other case.

Punishment must not merely fit the crime, it must fit the criminal.

Hitherto little work has been done in this direction, and the result is that life is littered with the wrecks of men and women who might have been saved from their worst enemy—themselves.

Buckmaster

Give us the PUBS we want!

Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL,
The Home Secretary

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—I see that you are to face the same old arguments about Drink again—those of the Pussy-foots, on the one side, and those of the Beer Barons on the other.

The State Controllers and the Local Optioners and the Stop-it-Alls have all had their say—and now there is talk of Five Dictators who will boss all the beer-drinking in the land.

May I humbly plead that those who should be considered first are the ordinary people of the country?

Why do you not go down to Downham, where there is a model pub? It is on the L.C.C. estate, quite near, in South London.

You would see there good food sold at cheap prices—yes, even in the music-hall which forms part of the public-house! While Father and Mother listen to a comic song, they can even buy sausage and mashed with their glass of beer.

Encouraged by the L.C.C., a firm of brewers showed what they could really do. They built a pub into which a child could go without being harmed.

The Merrie England which must be wants Better Beer; it wants it sold in brighter and cleaner public-houses; it wants better conditions of employment for those who sell it, and brighter surroundings for those who drink it.

See to it, Sir Herbert!

Be the dictator yourself!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
Prime Minister, 10, Downing-street

DEAR MR. MACDONALD,—"Zinovieff letters" are apparently not unknown in realms of high finance, to judge by the specimen circulating the other day which you have so timely and so heartily denounced.

I wish to suggest, however, with all respect, that it is not enough to dispose of the suggestions made concerning you as "unscrupulous inventions."

This dastardly attempt to torpedo the £1 should be probed to the bottom, and an assurance from you on the matter would be welcome.

May I commend to you the methods of our friends across the Channel? In a similar move against the franc by lies and misrepresentation the police were promptly called in and the campaign of false publicity speedily ended. Our Special Branch at Scotland Yard, I imagine, would not have much difficulty in having a few words with the mysterious "Lord X"—or his inventors.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT OWEN,
Groesor, North Wales

DEAR SIR,—I admire the splendid spirit and complete disregard for circumstances which prompted you, an unemployed quarryman, to cultivate a taste for literature and rare books.

It is pleasing to hear that the University of Wales has decided to reward your services to Welsh bibliography by an honorary degree of Master of Arts.

I hope the University will go a little farther and find you a worth-while position. It will never regret it. Men of your stamp always earn their pay.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. AMAL GOSWAMI,
Patna, India

DEAR GOSWAMI,—I was interested to hear that, after graduating at Balliol College, Oxford, you have been blacking boots at Patna to demonstrate the dignity of labour.

In this respect you are showing a good example, not only to your countrymen, but to some of the English "sons of Belial"—as your fellow-graduates are often called—who appear to regard their degrees simply as a passport to a life of elegant sweet-do-nothing. More power to your elbow!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MARGARET BONDFIELD,
28, Tavistock Square, London

DEAR MAGGIE,—I am glad to know that you have been unanimously adopted by your former constituents, the Wallsend Labour Party, as prospective Parliamentary candidate. Your task as Minister of Labour in the late Government was a very difficult one, but you acquitted yourself courageously and consistently where many would have been tempted to trim sails to catch a passing breeze of popularity.

Knowing how you have devoted your whole life to the welfare of women workers, it would give me much pleasure to see you back at Westminster.

JOHN BULL.

Candid Communications

Captain EVANS DAVIES,
White Star Line, Liverpool

DEAR SKIPPER,—You have just ended an active career that wins my warmest admiration. It is indeed something to be proud of that, starting as a deck boy on a coasting ketch, you retire as the captain of a liner.

It should encourage lads who may have been depressed by the big-wig who told them the other day not to pitch their ambitions too high, for they could not all become generals or admirals.

Your own achievement is proof that if all cannot climb to the top of the ladder, some may.

JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARTRES BIRON,
Magistrate, Bow-street, London

DEAR SIR CHARTRES,—If all pronouncements from the bench were as cogent as your remarks the other day, it is possible that the laggards at Westminster might get a move on.

You described as "a startling anomaly" the fact that in English law a man charged with stealing five shillings can be refused bail because that is a felony, whereas another man, charged with obtaining thousands of pounds by false pretences, has the right to demand bail because he is only accused of a misdemeanour.

I have stressed this point for years. Perhaps with additional protests from your brethren of the bench something may be done to end a stupid and farcical distinction.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. L. ADAMS,
Blaina, Monmouthshire

DEAR SIR,—You are the type of man I like to raise my hat to. For more years than you or I care to remember you have worked untiringly for the poor and distressed in the mining area in which you live, and you were primarily responsible for raising over thirteen thousand pounds for the miners' hospital of Blaina and district.

I am heartily glad that the people of your town have publicly honoured you. May you continue your good deeds for many years to come!

JOHN BULL.

Councillor JOHN WILSON,
Church, Lancashire

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—It is pleasant to read of your solicitude for the social comforts of the old people of your district.

At a cost of £250 you have converted a disused fire station into an Old Folks' Radio Club, provided it with a radio-gramophone, soda-water fountain, churchwarden pipes and tobacco, and all sorts of games. Subscription to this fine institution is only a penny a year.

May you live long enough to become the oldest member of the club!

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—
Senator David Reed, of Pennsylvania, sings—

Land of Hope and Booty

I AM Senator David Reed,
I live in the U.S.A., sir,
Where public opinion I lead;
They listen to what I say, sir.

From platform and soap-box I preach,
And where there's a tub I thump it;
If the English don't like my speech,
Well, then they will have to lump it!

I said, and I say it again:
Since England is "stuffed with treasure,"
Her debt to the States, 'tis plain,
She can pay to the utmost measure.

I speak for those business men
Who only demand their right, sir;
And with ledger and fountain-pen
We are not too proud to fight, sir!

Waal, now I guess you know just about where I stand as regards this matter of war debts. I tell you straight, all this chin music about cancellation gets my goat! Seeing that the war was won by the U.S.A., the least that Europe can do is to foot the bill.

I know that you folk in Europe talk of Uncle Sam with an emphasis on the "uncle"; but, believe me, bo', if Amurika was the hundred per cent. Shylock some guys make out, we wouldn't have allowed France to put it across us the way she did by pleading incapacity to pay.

As for England, what I said to Congress was this: "It is silly for a Power with museums stuffed with art treasures worth millions and millions of money to say to us, 'The exchange is against us; our currency is depreciated; we cannot pay America.'"

Some stiff-necked English have replied haughtily: "We have not said anything of the kind." But if you have not said it, a crowd of pro-English Yankees—sort of Americans suspected of being on King George's pay-roll, against whom Big Bill Thompson warned Chicago—have been saying it for you.

They point out that as a result of going off the Gold Standard, Britain's debt payments to America have been automatically increased by 47 per cent., and they urge that the U.S. has no right to bleed a former Ally in this way, seeing that the debt was incurred in a common cause.

Other critics have tried to prove that my logic is defective. They say that by collaring an elephant's share of the world's gold America has made payment in gold impossible, and that by building tariff walls higher than the Flatiron skyscraper she has made payment in goods equally impossible.

My reply to this is "Bunk!" What about your art treasures? What about your ancient buildings? What about some of your highbrow writers and artists? All these are assets upon which you can realise.

Our vaults are choked with bullion, but
we are not strong in art,
Though some of your surplus Blue Boys
have helped us make a start;
Send us a Mr. Epstein, and if we like
him, you bet
We'll buy the guy for certain—and
wipe off a spot of debt!

Do what others have had to do when
times were looking blue—
Hit the trail to the pawnshop and pop
a thing or two!
Ship us a brace of Rembrandts, or a
Venus plump and *chic;*
Dismantle the Tow'r of London and
send us it brick by brick.

We've no use for our dollars, but could
do with your Bernard Shaw—
Ship him across here f.o.b. and a cheque
we'll promptly draw!
Send over Windsor Castle and Shake-
speare's goldarned town
And other attractive odds and ends—
And your debt will soon come down!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

DR. ALINGTON (Headmaster of Eton): "Amid the conflicting voices, what are those so-called educational experts, the headmasters, to do?"

Your job is to answer the question—not ask it.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS: "We have pulled our socks up."

And now fasten the suspenders and keep them up.

* * *

MR. C. S. COLMAN: "The modern post-war schoolboy is a rather lazy, greedy animal."

And always was, and always will be.

* * *

MR. REGISTRAR FRIEND: "Women in business are not half so kind as men."

Neither are men!

Will America Ruin Us?

—asks—

A. G. GARDINER

THE great jig-saw puzzle of war debts and reparations is at last up for immediate solution. In a few days the Reparations Conference will meet to consider the report of the committee of experts which has been sitting at Basle.

That report shows that Germany is on the rocks. She cannot resume payment of debts or reparations unless she can borrow in order to do so. And she cannot borrow, as we all know. There is no one who can or will lend her money.

The farce of lending money to Germany to enable her to pay debts which she cannot pay herself is over. It has been played far too long. It will be played no more.

Meanwhile, the United States Congress, while reluctantly ratifying the Hoover moratorium which ends on July 1, declines to contemplate the extension of the moratorium. It also declines to consider the cancellation of the debts. In other words, it expects that at midsummer Europe will resume paying its debts to America.

Frankly, it will not. I do not suppose that Congress thinks it will. I am quite certain that Mr. Hoover does not think it will. Nor the American bankers, nor, indeed, anybody else who has any intelligent understanding of the position.

We go empty

What is that position? Broadly, it is this. Germany, under the Versailles Treaty, revised first by the Dawes Plan, then by the Young Plan, has to pay two forms of tribute, first, reparations, which go mainly to France; second, war debts, which go mainly to Britain and to France.

But the payments on account of war debts do not remain with Britain and France. They are passed on to the United States in payment of the debts incurred by those countries during the war. In a sense, France and Britain are America's debt collectors in Europe.

Our position under this arrangement is particularly hard. France gets her reparations; but we get nothing. We wiped out two-thirds of the French debt to us, and the same with Italy. We paid our own way during the war, and we made ourselves responsible for large portions of our allies' debts to America.

Then, after the war, in a great gesture of generosity, we undertook to receive from our debtors only enough to recoup us for our payments to America.

The flag flies at half-mast for America's dead. In the Capitol beyond they still wrangle over the debts of the nations who have already paid so very much more heavily

In fact, of course, we have not been recouped. Mr. Chamberlain has given us the figures up to date. They are: British payments to America, £326,700,000; British receipts from her European debtors, £71,275,000. In other words, we are more than two hundred and fifty millions out of pocket on the transaction.

And as America, with her high tariffs, would not accept payment in goods, she had to be paid in gold. Hence her vast accumulation of gold. Hence our fall from the gold standard. Hence many other lamentable consequences.

Mad bankruptcy

But the immediate point is that the source of all this flow of gold to America has dried up. Germany being no longer able to borrow is unable to pay. She cannot pay France her reparations; she cannot pay either Britain or France their war debts; she cannot pay Britain or America the commercial debts she owes them—debts which are due for payment in February.

In the face of this obstinate fact, what is to be done? We can make Germany a declared bankrupt. We can call for payment of her commercial debts next month and bring chaos into Germany and spread chaos throughout the world.

The alternatives to this fatal course are two. We can give her more time to recover. We can extend the standstill agreement for her commercial debts and we can extend the moratorium for another year or two years.

This will avoid an immediate crash. It will delay the disaster. It will not prevent it. Nothing will prevent it but the second alternative. That is a clean sweep of war debts and reparations. They have been the curse of the world for twelve years, and it is clear that so long as the curse continues international recovery is impossible.

One of these courses the Reparations Conference must adopt. It is improbable that it will adopt the wiser and bolder policy, for neither France nor America has yet come to its senses.

They have the world's gold in their strong rooms, but they still cry for more. They cry for more in spite of the fact that they are discovering that trade and not gold is the motive power of the world.

France still insists on the payment of reparations. America still clamours for her war debts. While this continues the curse cannot be lifted.

Whatever course the Reparations Conference adopts Germany is out of the picture as a source of revenue. What, then, becomes of Europe's debts to America? Are Britain and France to be held to their bond in spite of the fact that they will have no income from Germany?

If the matter were in the hands of President Hoover and Mr. Mellon the answer would be in the negative. They understand the position, and Mr. Mellon, who is Secretary of the United States Treasury, has spoken with great generosity about the British war debt to America.

Polling pawn

He pointed out that that debt is in dollars, and that at the present price of sterling we should be called upon to pay America not £34,000,000 a year, but nearly £50,000,000—and this at a time when we were receiving nothing from Germany and presumably nothing from France.

But unfortunately the matter does not rest with President Hoover and Mr. Mellon. It rests with Congress, and Congress is not only composed largely of men ignorant of finance, but it is overshadowed by the coming Presidential election, and is manœuvring to defeat Hoover and the Government. The insistence on the payment of war debts is an attempt to discredit the President and his policy.

If the Congress view becomes the official attitude of America, a situation of the utmost gravity will develop. When the Balfour Note laying down the policy of this country in regard to its war debt to America was issued it was understood to mean that, while we only claimed from our debtors enough to meet our payments to America, those payments would not be due in the event of no payments being made to us.

If our debtors did not pay, then we did not pay. Whether the terms of the Note made that view legally effective may be doubted. If not, then we may be technically liable to pay even though we receive nothing.

Not a penny more!

Assuming that that is the case, and that America presses for payment, we shall either have to pay or default. Is it conceivable that we can pay? Is it right that we should pay? I think the answer is clearly "No."

In this matter France will be in the same case as ourselves. She will receive nothing and she will pay nothing. If America insists on an impossible claim, then Europe must default and America must bear the responsibility of making Europe a formal bankrupt.

I do not think she will take that risk. But she must be left in no doubt as to what will happen if the Congress policy prevails. If there is, as there must be, a further moratorium for Germany, then there must be a moratorium for Europe's debts to America as well. The two things go together.

We have faithfully fulfilled the rôle of debt collector in Europe for the United States. We have fulfilled it so faithfully that we have paid America 250 millions more than we have received. Henceforth we shall pay not a penny more than we receive.

Homely Wisdom—by

CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Blind Eyes

THE other day I was asked which I should consider the greater affliction—to lose my hearing or my sight. I replied that the latter would be the greater deprivation. One could put up with deafness more easily than with the loss of the companionship of books, the delight of kindly human faces, the thrill of gazing at the many beautiful things that come one's way in the world of nature and art.

This reflection has been quickened by what I have just read of the marvellous operation which has restored the eyesight of a woman who became blind twenty-seven years ago when she was a little child.

She has some interesting things to say about her new sensations after being so long in the dark. The joy of being able to see has been shadowed by the painful discovery that most of the grown-up people she meets look strained, worried and unhappy. Her perceptions are the reverse of what she thought they would be.

Children's faces are more charming than as pictured in her recollections of childhood: those of their elders less so because so careworn and hard.

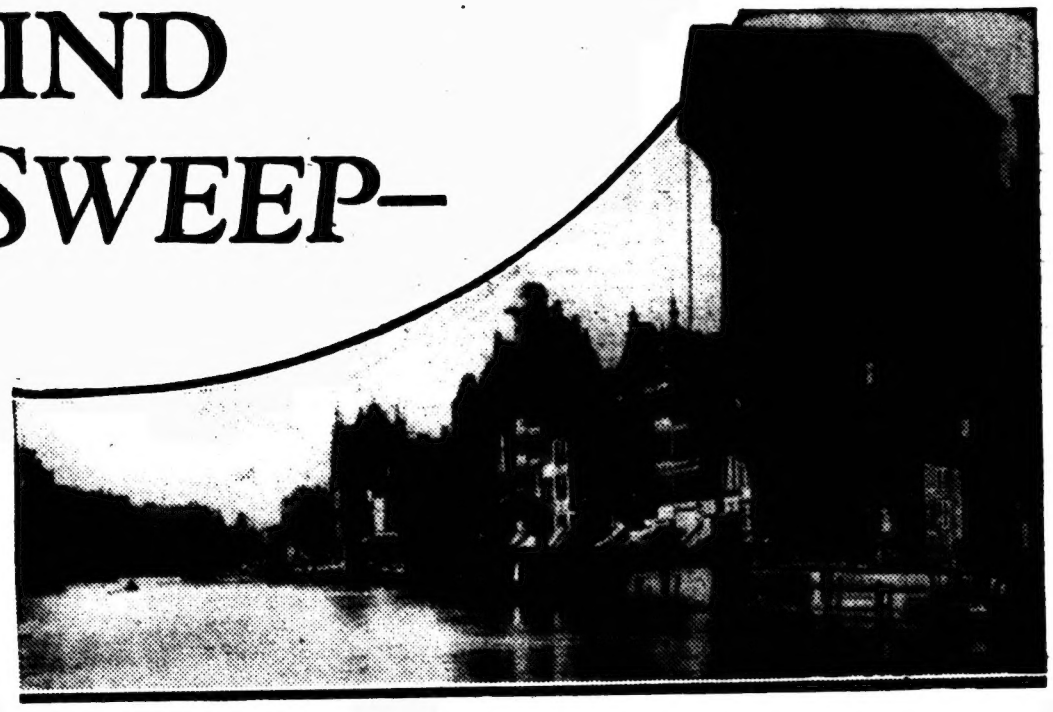
THIS is a better impression of what has been happening to the world in the past few years than we get from any book. The old placid England has gone, the England that seemed so secure and prosperous that we imagined nothing could ever greatly disturb it. The war has changed all that.

The England of to-day, like other nations, is not only poorer, but more nervous, less sure of itself, afraid of the future, staggering along under burdens that grow heavier with each succeeding year.

By England I mean just you, reader, and a few more millions like you. It is your face that has given this shock of disappointment to one whose eyes have been suddenly opened to behold the world as it is. Perhaps you do not realise that your history is written in your face, that your habitual feelings find expression there, and that the total effect may be as depressing as a dreary landscape in mid-winter.

Let the light of trust into your soul and it will shine from your eyes. Look for the lovely things in life and you will not fail to find them. Courage and tenderness are infectious, and a cheerful heart is a social boon.

BLIND SWEEP—



This pretty picture of Danzig was sent out by the World Blind Fund. It is impressive—until you know the facts

Monstrous Scandal

THE huge lottery on next year's Grand National, which is being launched from Danzig in the name of the World Blind Subscription Fund, has received widespread publicity and has been referred to by one newspaper as "The World's Greatest Sweep."

But enquiries made on behalf of numerous readers, who have written to us for guidance, have revealed a monstrous state of affairs.

This sweepstake is receiving wholehearted support from thousands who believe that they are helping a strictly charitable venture that is under unimpeachable control.

We can say at once that they are sadly mistaken. Tickets are being distributed in a most irregular manner, and we have discovered one instance where an individual is disposing of as many as he can, openly boasting to his intimates that he has no intention of forwarding the money to the organisers. "Lotteries are illegal, anyway," he argues, "so I'm quite safe."

But that is merely one instance. We know, also, of gangs of men—many who have become notorious as confidence tricksters—who are now touring the country and leaving books of tickets indiscriminately at clubs, restaurants and hotels.

Money in London

They are instructing strangers to whom the books are entrusted to send the money, *not to the headquarters in Danzig, but to certain addresses in London!*

We have traced one persistent organiser of this irregular method of distribution to an office at 9, Lower Regent Street, London.

He is James Porter, and he and his agents have thousands of books of tickets for disposal.

How can there be any possible guarantee that tickets distributed on the haphazard lines we have indicated will ever find their way into the drum?

And why should agents be asked to return counterfoils and cash to London addresses when the instructions printed in each booklet clearly state that they must be sent to the World Blind Trust at Danzig?

Big boosts

Agents, we find, are furnished by Porter with a wealth of printed matter, including numerous London and provincial newspapers—some in Yiddish—containing inspired "write-ups" of the scheme.

They are urged to use these for publicity purposes and are told that they may have as many books as they like. For each book sold they are entitled to receive £1, and there are various tempting bonuses for those who sell winning tickets.

Porter also instructs agents to send all remittances to him—not to the Trust—in order that official receipts can be issued, as without these ticket-holders have no claim.

Following other big sweepstakes, we have received complaints from people who found, upon enquiry, that their counterfoils were never returned, but that their money had been retained by unauthorised agents.

The irregular methods of distribution we have revealed in the present instance show that there can be no check or control. Thousands of counterfoils will never reach London, let alone Danzig.

This is the worst aspect of this scandal, but there are other points which call for comment.

The public is told that the World Blind Trust is organising this huge sweepstake in aid of the World Blind Subscription Fund.

The Trust is a small business enterprise with offices at 18, Langer Markt, Danzig, and its constitution is nowhere given on the tickets.

Actually, there are three promoters, whose primary interest in the scheme is their own personal profit. They were behind a previous sweepstake fiasco which was supposed to be run in connection with the Cambridgeshire last October, but which was suddenly abandoned.

Though these individuals are not mentioned, many distinguished names appear in the literature of the present project.

There is Major-General A. Hooton, C.I.E.; Lt.-Colonel R. H. Elliott, M.D., F.R.C.S.; Lt.-Colonel H. Smith, C.I.E., and Mr. G. F. Mowatt—a great authority on blind affairs, who has done invaluable work for charities for years.

Now although recipients of books of tickets might reasonably conclude that these honoured names belong to the Trust, which is the organising body, such is far from being the case.

They are associated with the World Blind Subscription Fund—a body set up solely to "receive moneys from the sweepstake" for the world's blind and for the prevention of blindness.

Gone—in expenses

There can be no objection to the part they are playing, since they have simply agreed to accept money for blind associations and charities from the Trust after the sweepstake has been held.

But the Trust embellishes its books of tickets with all their names and so wins esteem that is not strictly merited.

The whole project is of course unlawful, not only here but in Canada, South Africa, Australia and many other parts of the world where tickets are being freely offered for sale.

Millions of people will doubtless decide to risk the illegality question and pay 10s. in the hope of winning one of the £100,000 units of prizes, honestly believing that it is all in the cause of the blind.

But is it? We find that several leading organisations for the blind have definitely dissociated themselves from the project owing to the many objections that reveal themselves on scrutiny.

Of the total amount only 15 per cent. will go to blind charities, the remaining 85 per cent. being swallowed up in prizes and expenses.

Shun it!

And what is the Fund? It is a newly-formed venture, set up for the purposes of this sweepstake, to represent all blind institutions throughout the world.

As there are thousands of these in existence, one can easily gauge how insignificant the grants must inevitably be.

When all these factors are taken into consideration it seems unnecessary to add that the project is one which wise people will rigidly shun.

Crank's NUDITY CAMPAIGN

CRUDELY-PRODUCED circulars of a questionable character are being widely distributed by The International Sun-bathing and "Back to Nature" Movement, of 70, Wardo Avenue, Fulham Palace Road, London, S.W.6.

Without any beating about the bush they declare at once that this organisation's objects are to promote, among other things, nudity in and out of doors; to substitute pride of body for prudery and to eliminate "interfering busybodies from public and private life."

People of both sexes are invited to call for an interview, but they must first send 10s. to the secretary of the movement.

This stipulation is made, it is said, to keep away those who are not sincerely interested in the proposition and to prevent "other undesirables" from wasting the officials' time.

The International Sun-bathing and "Back to Nature" Movement, it is further disclosed, is prepared to supply models of both sexes to artists and photographers. "This service will be free," says the circular, adding: "but contributions to the funds will be welcomed."

It is also hoped to open up a "very quaint old country farmhouse," with five acres of "perfectly screened and secluded land," and support and co-operation is also invited for this.

Now, the International Sun-bathing and "Back to Nature" Movement is the latest title affected by a man named Walter Potter, who came under our notice in March, 1930, when he was advertising in the name of "Gaudeamus" for loans or investments from "unconventional and broad-minded ladies or gentlemen."

As an inducement, he offered free board-residence at a Suffolk farm, where he proposed to found a nude-culture colony.

Potter's record is an unenviable one. He professes to be an enemy of "mock modesty," and there is certainly nothing modest about the demands for funds he makes in his crude circulars.

CUNNING *Publicity Expert*

COMPLAINTS are arising in very many quarters about the operations of a bogus advertising agent who is getting money on the strength of orders and contracts which never materialise.

He has several aliases but has passed latterly as "Mr. A. J. Bell" or "Mr. Churchill."

Among his latest victims is an old-established employment agency in Leadenhall Street, London, at whose offices he called to discuss a new advertising campaign.

It was so big, he declared, that the resources of his own agency would be sorely taxed, so he was forced to engage eight women secretaries to cope with the rush.

Bell freely used well-known names in his conversation, and the officials of the employment agency were duly impressed.

Terms were arranged on the spot, and Bell gave the assurance that a cheque for £217 would be drawn immediately he returned to his office.

Then, with considerable ingenuity, he induced the officials to advance him £5 on the plea that he had several details to settle on his way back to his headquarters in the West End and had left himself short of ready money.

He suggested, though, that if a clerk could accompany him to his office the cheque for £217 could be collected and everything "squared up."

This was agreed to, but the wily Bell easily succeeded in shaking off the clerk in the streets.

Inquiry at his alleged West End headquarters made it clear that A. J. Bell was unknown there except for complaints that were steadily accumulating against him.

In one name or another he has duped people in many parts of London and the provinces. He is described as a clean-shaven, well-built man of medium height, who usually wears a blue serge lounge suit and a bowler hat.

Anyone who may be approached by him in the manner we have described should immediately communicate with the police.

Sir Wyndham Childs *Warns You of a—*

Jailbird's IMPUDENT Job Swindle

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

OFFERS of lucrative positions in a new wireless venture form the bait laid in an ex-convict's latest campaign to part unemployed people from their savings.

I suppose there is no more cruel form of swindle being practised today, and I am certain that there is no one more adept in exploiting it than this particular rogue.

His offers have been made under the screen of Box Number advertisements, and he has cast an exceptionally wide net by framing these to attract all types of workers.

Some have called for enterprising young men as sales managers, promising excellent opportunities for the right men.

Some have asked for "wireless experts" to take charge of departments in an established business house.

Others again have called for salesmen, and there have been appeals for people to act as house-to-house canvassers.

Those who have responded to any of these lures have received a letter from a firm bearing the singular title of "Unitz," which, with offices at 7-8, Little Turnstile, London, W.C.1, boasts to be of "unique and unlimited utility."

Everything about the company's notepaper tends to suggest stability, and a variety of interests. There is the intimation that it is a member of the National Union of Manufacturers and also of the Institute of Patentees, while special instructions are given to applicants to address all correspondence to "Department G."

Correspondence is signed by a Mr. "S. Coleman," and callers are told that they must ask either for him or for a "Mr. Harrison."

I have before me statements from several applicants who have been granted interviews at the office in Little Turnstile, from which it would appear that the proposition as outlined by Mr. Coleman is reasonably attractive.

Pay to come in

His firm, he avers, owns a factory for the manufacture of various wireless equipment and enjoys an established connection.

It is presumably because the company's business is growing so rapidly that new employees are required in all its branches.

But a feature of its offers which I greatly dislike is that everyone, from the humblest canvasser to the most efficient departmental manager, is expected to invest anything from £150 to £750 in order to secure employment.

One applicant was offered a post as radio department manager at a commencing salary of £4 a week, with the assurance that he would be able to earn commission that would bring this up to £7 or £8 weekly.

Lucky for him!

But he was asked to invest £175.

He might have been inclined to entertain the offer but for a chance encounter with an acquaintance in the wireless trade, who informed him that the Unitz company owed money for goods supplied and was showing an unpleasant reluctance to pay.

This showed a danger signal, so he let the offer slide. And I hope I shall be in time to save other men from having anything to do with this most objectionable employment proposition.

For I happen to know something of the character of the real brains behind this venture, and of several men who have parted with substantial sums in the past in the hope of obtaining good positions.

Even this newly-formed firm of Unitz possesses no factory and is of no real standing in the wireless world.

In reality this is the latest venture of a persistent rogue who has long practised various forms of the employment-with-investment ramp.

His real name, I can reveal, is Percy Swinford Harrison, and he was sentenced at the Old Bailey in 1928 to three years' penal servitude for offences of this very nature!

On this occasion Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., characterised him as an impudent rogue.

Harrison's present activities show that any venture sponsored by him should be approached with profound distrust.

DUBIOUS POSTAL OFFERS

I WISH readers would write for my advice before parting with advance fees in respect of offers of home employment, for experience shows that not one offer in a dozen is genuine.

A name that is continually cropping up in my correspondence is that of F. Youngson and Company, self-styled importers, publishers, manufacturers, printers and advertising agents, of Newbald, York.

This firm is in the habit of advertising for spare-time workers of either sex, and applicants are asked to forward 3s. 6d. for an "instruction guide," which is said to be necessary to enable them to "understand the working details."

Actually, F. Youngson and Co. has no real employment to offer. The fee brings a miscellaneous packet of rubbishy circulars with alleged mail order schemes.

This firm's chief activity appears to lie in boosting such things as "secret" formulæ for boot polish, home brewing and beauty specifics.

Glancing through its literature I cannot help observing that most of the schemes advocated by Youngson and Company involve the outlay of further cash!

* * *

Then there is the *Overseas Gazette*, of 19, Rosebery Street, Hull, of which C. E. Youngson is the proprietor.

This firm boasts that the world is its field, and pretends to be in a position to assist workless people to find employment overseas.

It has a sliding scale of fees to suit all pockets, but a dossier before me convinces me that anyone desiring a post abroad could do better for himself and would be well advised to keep his money in his pocket.

Yet Another Chance!

JOHN BULL offers you yet another opportunity of sharing in his Great Gift Offer which has been such an astounding success! By a special concession the offer has been extended fifteen days.

Make sure of your Gift Package this time! Cash the coupons which you will find on page 23. Turn to them now.

COUPS *of a* SOBBING SHOPPER

NUMEROUS people are complaining that they have been sadly deceived by an attractive woman of about thirty-five, to whom they have been induced to render financial assistance in all good faith.

Her name is Frances Neal, but she also has various aliases which she uses on occasion, including those of Margaret Smythe, Helen Hunt and Agnes Davies.

She is an adept at arousing sympathy that she does not deserve; sobs are her stock-in-trade. Her favourite pose is that of a damsel in distress, and up to now she has been extraordinarily successful in finding knights to believe and relieve her.

One of her latest victims is a man who first met her in a restaurant in Regent Street, London. He could not fail to notice her because she sank into a chair at his table showing signs of deep distress.

Smile of guile

After Mrs. Neal had solaced herself with smelling-salts, she smiled apologetically and announced somewhat bitterly that the police in London were not very helpful to a lone woman in temporary difficulties.

Unsuspectingly, the man expressed the hope that nothing was seriously wrong, and this was the only cue that Mrs. Neal needed to proceed with further confidences.

Giving her name, she explained that she had come up from Bedford for the day to do some shopping. She was in the habit of running up to town regularly, but on this occasion her handbag had unfortunately been stolen in one of the big stores.

This had placed her in a most trying position. She had been unable to do any of her shopping, and as she was without friends or acquaintances in London, there was no one from whom she could borrow sufficient for her needs.

She had, of course, reported the theft to the police, but they had been "worse than useless." It was true that they had offered a trifling loan, which in the circumstances she had been glad to accept; but they had demanded a receipt and she had been put to the indignity of signing an official form. It made her feel as if they disbelieved her story!

Painless extraction

As she showed signs of breaking down at this juncture, the man did his best to reassure her, and offered to advance Mrs. Neal what she required.

In taking full advantage of this offer, Mrs. Neal was profuse in her thanks and promised that the loan should be refunded immediately she returned to her Bedford home.

Of course the benefactor never heard from her at all, and when eventually he wrote to the address she had given him he learnt that Mrs. Neal was quite unknown there.

Other addresses which she has given in Aldershot and Colchester have likewise proved to be false.

Variations of this coup have been worked successfully by this woman in many places, and complaints have reached numerous police stations during the past few weeks.

Even though she sometimes raises little more than £1 a coup, this is not a bad return for less than half an hour's "work," and her aggregate hauls are known to be very substantial.

"Police!" bluff

Sometimes Mrs. Neal calls upon wealthy people in their homes to unfold some plausible tale of woe, and not long ago she was in the habit of haunting various Government offices in Whitehall and accosting officials as they left.

Her "righteous" story about going to the police for help is the height of impudence when one considers that the police would be only too delighted to meet her face to face.

SAVE YOUR MONEY IN SAFETY IN 1932

SECURITY MEANS "FREE from CARE"

STABILITY

The wisest New Year resolution you can make is that you will never allow your peace of mind to be disturbed by the nightmare of speculative or doubtful investments. The original and exact meaning of "security" is "free from care"—and that is the boon of all wise investors who investigate before they invest. Over 200,000 investors have selected the Abbey Road as the ideal method of investment.

1 **Security.** Assets exceed £35,000,000 and comprise the best possible security—first mortgages on over 50,000 carefully selected British homes and trustee securities.

2 **Depreciation.** No investor has ever lost a penny piece of his capital. In the 57 years of the Abbey Road's existence there has been no depreciation.

3 **Yield.** The yield is based on sound finance, combined with safety, service and satisfaction for the investor. It is now 4½% net* on share accounts—which is equal to 6% otherwise.

*Income Tax is paid by the Society direct to the Revenue Department and these rates are paid net and free of liability to Income Tax.

"ABBEY ROAD"

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

Write or 'phone to-day for full particulars of the Investment Service to the Managing Director, Head Office :—

BAKER STREET, LONDON, N.W.1

Telephone : WELBECK 8282 (8 lines)

Scottish Offices :

11, Rutland Street, Edinburgh, and 144, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

CVS-62

Sound Building Society Investments that Appeal to all.

TO-DAY, more than ever before, it is clear that the first essential of any investment intended for the man or woman with modest capital is absolute security. Yet it is true that there are thousands of people with a little money "tucked away" in the bank whose capital could, with perfect safety, be earning a greater income in sound and stable securities designed particularly for their use. Outstanding amongst such securities are those of the many well-established Building Societies which to-day offer unequalled opportunities for wise investment. There is an old saying that there is

"Nothing like Bricks and Mortar"

when it comes to investment, and this was never more true than now. The huge increase in Building Society funds during recent months of uneasiness is eloquent testimony to its truth. The uneasiness is fast disappearing, but the soundness of this form of investment remains. The growth in popularity of the Building Society movement during recent years is due to the most sound and healthy natural causes—namely, the wise and far-sighted provision made by these Societies for the building and sale of houses on terms that meet post-war conditions. It is now estimated that considerably more than

Half-a-million Homes

are to-day being purchased through these Societies, and that since the war no less than five hundred million pounds have been used by the Societies for this purpose.

Adequate Security.

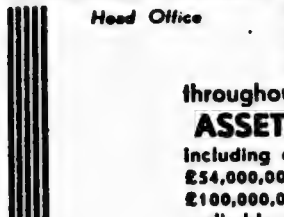
Here, then, is the most stable and safest of all forms of security. To quote another old saw, "Houses can't run away," and it is because of the genuine and steady demand for houses that the leading Building Societies are able to offer a worth-while return on capital without the risk which is inseparable from most other forms of enterprise. In addition to this, the financial conduct of the leading Societies is conservative in the extreme, their assets are far more than adequate to meet any demands likely to arise, and the strict control to which they are subjected by law makes them particularly desirable for those who wisely adopt the slogan of "Safety First."

Nor does one need to be a financial giant to share in these sound and well-tried enterprises. The famous Building Societies whose announcements appear on this page cater specifically for those whose spare capital is limited, but who yet wish it to earn a worthwhile dividend.

"John Bull's" Guarantee.

In addition, and as an added safeguard, it is pointed out that each of the firms whose announcements appear here have been investigated by "John Bull," and "John Bull" is satisfied as to their financial stability and commercial integrity.

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY



Head Office

"AS SAFE AS HOUSES"

The "Halifax" has over 78 years' service to its credit, and holds the high prestige of being the largest of its kind in the world. It has become a household word throughout the kingdom.

ASSETS EXCEED £70,000,000

Including over 140,000 First Mortgages for over £54,000,000 secured upon properties costing over £100,000,000, and over £16,000,000 readily realisable Trustee Funds. Its financial strength is universally recognised and its popularity and the rapid increase in its funds and membership prove how great its services are appreciated by the public.

HOME-BUYING

The "Halifax" is the nation's largest lender of money for Home-purchase. Last year the amount advanced for this purpose exceeded £16,000,000. Large sums are available for immediate and liberal loans. The Society's service is easy, expeditious and economical.

Head Office: HALIFAX

General Manager: Sir ENOCH HILL

London District Offices:
124, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2.
City: 62 MOORGATE, E.C.2.

Are YOU in the DARK as to where to put YOUR SAVINGS?

Write NOW for Booklet 96 to Secretary, W. C. M. Wightman, 26 King William St., London, E.C.4.

Have you thought of this Society? Its investments are as steady as a rock—profitable and safe.

A sure 4½% TAX FREE on Shares (£25 or multiples or any sum from 5/- upwards). No depreciation. Interest paid promptly. Easy withdrawal.

5% TAX PAID on Deposits *(limited amount). Special conditions*

CHURCH of ENGLAND

TEMPERANCE & GENERAL PERMANENT

BUILDING SOCIETY

FOLLOW THE LEAD OF RAILWAYMEN

Here is an opportunity for those thinking of purchasing their own house. By taking up an insurance with the National Railwaymen's Benevolent and Assurance Society you will immediately become entitled to apply for a loan up to 85% of valuation on terms from 3/- per week per £100. This includes both capital and interest, and periods range from 10 to 21 years. Founded to provide insurance for Railway Employees, the Society is now open to all (male or female) irrespective of occupation. Controlled by an Honorary Committee, and there are no directors or shareholders, so that working expenses are at a minimum and better terms can be offered. Write for full particulars of this scheme to-day, to Dept. S.P. The Society also executes all forms of Insurance with lower premiums and a definitely higher bonus than obtainable elsewhere. In their issue of January 10th, 1931, in speaking of this Society, "John Bull" described it as a well-known Railwaymen's Friendly Society of high standing.

NATIONAL Railwaymen's Benevolent and ASSURANCE SOCIETY

DEVONSHIRE CHAMBERS, 146 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

FUNDS EXCEED £136,000—CLAIMS PAID £60,000

SHOCKS for Film Aspirants

STORIES of the fabulous salaries paid to successful film artists lure thousands to try their luck on the movies.

With the rise of British pictures there has recently sprung up a series of mushroom film companies which advertise for actors and actresses to appear in their proposed films, despite the fact that hundreds of legitimate film artists are out of work.

One of these companies is the United Film Productions Co., 115, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., of which the managing director is Mr. S. Leigh.

It has advertised for "new actors and actresses (all types, including juveniles) for film to be produced in the New Year. No fees charged. Salary to be arranged."

Its announcements have brought thousands of replies from all over the country, and the experience of a number of those who replied shows that the statement "No fees charged" is entirely misleading.

Face trials first

During the past week or two, in fact, we have been inundated with enquiries from aspiring film stars.

The unfortunate applicant receives a letter: "Our Casting Department has recommended to us your application for a part in our new film, to which we have given our most careful consideration."

The letter then goes on to say that it is impossible to make a "definite agreement" until a film test is made, "the cost of which, as is usual, is to be borne by the applicant."

And the cost is approximately £1 5s. On receipt of this the company explains that it will arrange for the applicant to be "individually filmed at our studios."

At least one of these film tests has been carried out. About 100 applicants were present, each presumably having paid the fee. This test did not take place at the company's "studios" as so largely promised, but at a small theatre hired for the evening.

And what a "test" it was! It merely consisted of the applicant appearing before the camera for a minute or so, his or her face being daubed with yellow powder, and speaking a few words.

Yellow make-up

Although the United Film Productions Co. claims that it is usual for the applicant to bear the cost of a film test, this is decidedly not so.

With established actors and actresses unable to get a test, the futility of the whole thing will be seen when we say that a film test, as carried out by the well-known producing companies, is a costly business, and is only given when the director has carefully considered the applicant's suitability.

The entire cost is, of course, borne by the company.

At the "screen test" held by the United Film Productions Co., most of those present were people who could ill afford to pay the fee, but they had scraped the amount together under the wicked lure of a possible future in the "talkies."

Our representative visited 115, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., and there, in a small office, found Mr. Leigh, who, in addition to being managing director, is also the casting manager—although he admitted he had little or no film experience and had never produced a picture.

When it was pointed out to him that hundreds of film artists were out of work, Mr. Leigh replied that he was not content to take "the rejects" of the big companies. He wanted to find new talent.

Mystery backer

Asked if he was going to produce the picture himself, he replied that he would engage a professional producer. Asked why he did not allow the producer to decide on the cast, he said that it would involve him in additional expense.

When it came to a question of the financial backing of his company, Mr. Leigh was very vague. He finally admitted that he had not sufficient money himself to produce the picture, but, he declared, he had a wealthy backer.

He could not give the name of this backer until he had consulted him. He would see him that night and inform our representative in the morning. The backer in question was an Australian, but his other interests demanded that he should not appear in connection with the United Film Productions Co. "just yet."

Mr. Leigh added that an inspector of the London County Council had made similar enquiries, and that he had been satisfied that the money would be forthcoming.

As far as we are concerned the identity of this mysterious backer from Australia remains a secret, for Mr. Leigh has made no attempt to fulfil his promise.

To the L.C.C. authorities also he is still a mystery, and far from being satisfied with the financial soundness of the United Film Productions Co., the L.C.C. know nothing about it.

Market overstocked

Although Mr. Leigh has had little film experience he has got something of the hustle usually associated with Hollywood. He admitted to our representative that the film tests for his proposed film were not yet completed, but already he is proposing to make other tests, also at the same price, for another picture.

This venture is to be called "The Colonial," and so, perhaps, it is not too much to hope that the man from Australia will come forward.

Mr. Leigh is emphatic that he is going to produce these two pictures, but he admits that he has done little towards their production except charge some poor people in search of jobs a fee for a film test.

It can be definitely stated that fees for film tests are not looked upon with favour by the motion picture industry. With the present state of unemployment a producer who needs a man or woman to portray a particular character can have his choice of fifty or a hundred experienced artists at a moment's notice.

Those aspiring to fame and fortune on the films would do well to confine their attentions to companies which are actually engaged in production, and should steadfastly refuse to have anything to do with these mushroom firms who demand a film test fee as the first step towards employment in an already overcrowded industry.

OUR New Year's Gift TO YOU

To-morrow may bring any of these misfortunes; are you prepared?

IF some fairy godmother could grant this harassed world one wish for 1932, who can doubt that she would be asked for the supreme gift of Security?

And JOHN BULL is prepared to help all its readers to make such provision free of cost to themselves. We are offering you to-day as a New Year's gift a renewal of the most valuable and comprehensive Free Insurance scheme ever devised by a weekly newspaper.

The utmost prudence cannot guarantee you against the many risks and hazards of life. Chance always carries some cards up its sleeve which may at any moment trump the joy of the happiest home.

Sickness, accident, fire, storm and flood—these are the enemies whose surprise attacks no man can foresee. JOHN BULL cannot avert these attacks, but can and does give all its registered readers the certainty of swift and generous help in time of trouble.

* * *

During the year that has passed JOHN BULL Insurance has proved a greater boon to thousands of registered readers than ever before. Figures speak louder than words, and here is a record of our proud achievement—12,674 cheques despatched under the scheme during 1931, of which the following are the main items:—

3,394 cheques for FIRE DAMAGE.
2,266 cheques for STORM AND FLOOD DAMAGE.
1,065 cheques for SICKNESS.
1,674 cheques for ACCIDENTS IN THE HOME.
3,842 cheques for CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS.

We could give human stories in abundance to prove how JOHN BULL throughout the past year of stress and storm has stood by its readers in time of need.

Think, for example, of those eight little cottages at Hickling, Norfolk, which were wiped out by fire. A stray spark from a chimney lodged in the thatch of one of these dwellings, smouldered, and then burst into flame. Five of the families were covered by our Free Insurance scheme.

Only JOHN BULL was able to come to their rescue because JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to cover the home against Fire.

* * *

Again, when last year's tornado left in its wake a great tragedy of ruined homes and wrecked household goods, JOHN BULL was the *only* paper to come to the rescue. Hundreds of cheques were despatched, putting new heart into families which had lost their all.

And all through the year in numberless homes throughout the country the knowledge of JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance protection has been greatly heartening in time of illness and accident. Again and again our cheques have made it easy for harassed families to pay the doctor's bill.

It should be remembered that one registration covers not only husband and wife, but also the children (between the ages of six and fifteen) of the registered reader.

A notable feature of the work accomplished by our Free Insurance department during 1931 was the large number of cheques sent to parents whose little ones met with some accident at home, at school, or at play.

The total number of payments made under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance scheme—more than 73,000—is the crowning proof of its practical value.

We are renewing this splendid insurance gift to all registered readers during 1932. It is a gift well worth the taking, for, if you tried to obtain the same protection through an insurance company it would cost you at least twenty-five shillings.

You have a home, you have responsibilities. If you are not already a registered reader, relieve yourself of worry—put yourself right with 1932 by registering for our Free Insurance on the forms which you will find on page 34.

SENT FREE SOLID SILVER

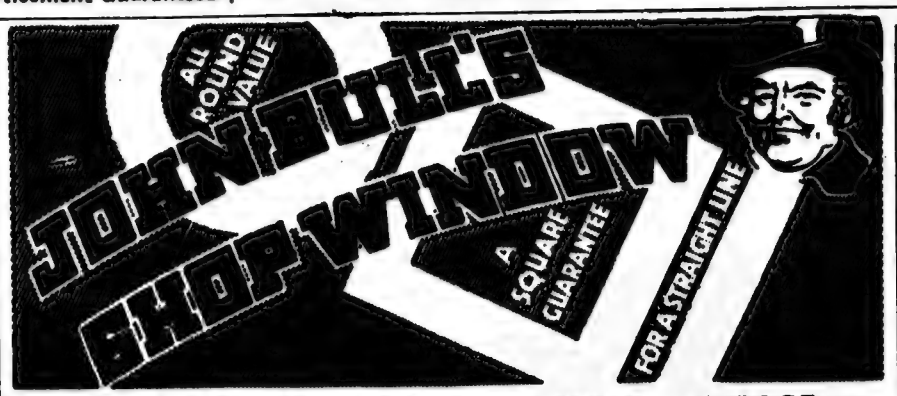
GENT'S WATCH
Thoroughly tested, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial. On strong leather strap, 25/6. Luminous dial and with seconds hand, 2/- extra.

LADY'S WATCH
On Moire Band, similar movement, 24/-. On expanding Solid Silver Bracelet, 29/6.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches.
2/- discount for cash with order.

Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. *Write for Catalogue.*

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO.
6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 31.

WADDED QUILTS FREE!

2 Woolly Blankets 90x90
2 Strong Sheets 90x80
2 Pillow Slips 30x18
1 Bolster Case 58x18
1 Art. Bedspread 80x60
2 Check Glass Cloths
2 Turkish Towels 42x20
1 Damask Table Cloth 54x54
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings

COMPLETE BARGAIN SALE ONLY **20/-** Carr. Free.

No further Payments Cash or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT of a handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT, sent with each Sale.
Satisfaction or money back.
PAYON BELL Co. Dept. J.B., Prince St. MANCHESTER.

AMERICAN ARMY BOOTS

SENSATIONAL OFFER

Small size American Army Boots. These are the remaining stock of over 150,000 pairs sold in this country at 12/6. We are clearing the remaining small sizes at **6/-**
Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. C.O.D. if preferred

Strong tan uppers, hand sewn principle, water proof tongue, solid leather throughout, every pair passed by Govt. inspectors. Actually cost over three times our price to produce.

Men's Outsizes
10-11-12-13-14-15 8/-
SIZES 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 (similar pattern) 10/-

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

TRI-NOLEUM 108 SQ FT for 2/- DOWN

THE TRIPLE WEAR FLOORCOVERING

You can now obtain the wonderful NEW PROCESS TRI-NOLEUM (Extra quality) on Easy Terms! Delivered (108 sq. ft.) on receipt of deposit of only 2/-. Balance payable in 10 weekly sums of 2/-. Longer lengths pro rata. Damp-proof and rot-proof. Lies flat—no fixing required.

Send NOW for Free Pattern Pieces.

JONES' STORES, Dept. J.B., 51, London Road, Croydon.

FREE SAMPLES!

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

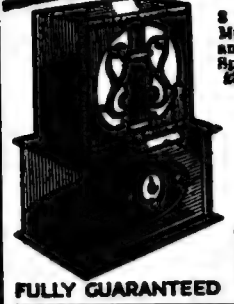
ARMY HUTS
PAVILIONS
BUNGALOWS
GARAGES
etc., etc.

Span Roof type Sheds as above. A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½ in. weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments	Or 12
6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	£3 . 15 . 0	of 10/6	of 5/6
8 ft.	5 ft.	6½ ft.	£4 . 1 . 0	of 14/3	of 7/6
10 ft.	7 ft.	8 ft.	£6 . 6 . 0	of 21/3	of 11/7

Carriage Paid. Send for large free Book No. 46 of over 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.
Works open till 5 p.m. Saturdays.
J. THORN & SONS (Box 46), Brampton-rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

EUROPE AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS!



8 VALVE set complete with Mullard Valves, all accessories and handsome Cabinet Loud Speaker. Usual Price £8:5:0. Our Price

£5.19.6
(or 10/6 monthly)

Ready for use. Nothing more to buy. Numerous other models at similar reductions, from 79/6.

Send for illustrated list.

VICTORIA C. & C. CO., (Dept. W.46), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

FULLY GUARANTEED

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

GARAGES:
10ft. x 7ft. £6.12.0
15ft. x 9ft. £12.1.0
HUTS.
6ft. x 5ft. £2.16.0
8ft. x 5ft. £4.10.6
12ft. x 7ft. £8.11.0
½-in. Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

CARRIAGE PAID Plus 5% for free delivery and erection within 20 miles of London.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE H.G.

Deferred Terms arranged

SOUTH WESTERN Appliance Co. (1929) Ltd., Dept. J.B. High St., Fulham, S.W.6. (Putney 2771).

600 FREE GIFTS

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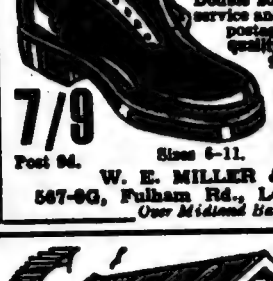

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1 Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Lovely hand-painted Bedspread 80 x 60
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All double bed size.

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Money back if not satisfied.
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For storing Tools, Cycles, Frame, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections ⅝/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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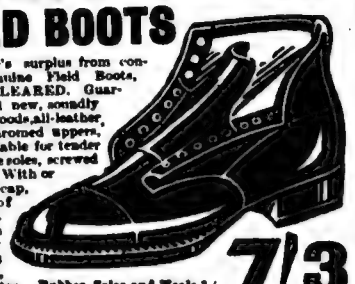

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FREE GIFT of 1/-

Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of guaranteed hard wearing trousers at practically cost price, viz.: 4/- per pair. These are fit, fray with a neat stripe and made of practically untearable material and we guarantee to replace should they fail to please. Send for a pair now, and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money, but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28 in. to 40 in. waist) 42 in. to 48 in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

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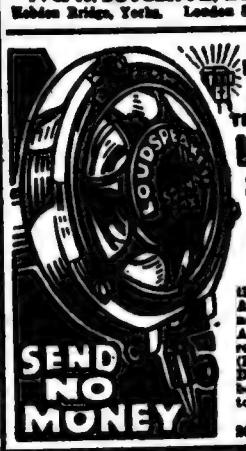

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You can transform the cheapest, weakest gramophone into a super sweet-toned instrument, equal to the most expensive cabinet model. Send Amazing volume of sound. Send no money. Send postcard only. Approved Customers pay after receiving soundbox 2 - weekly (21/- in all), or 10 - CASH DOWN. State whether soundbox fits in or slips over the tone-arm of your gramophone.

F. HAND & CO., 98, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

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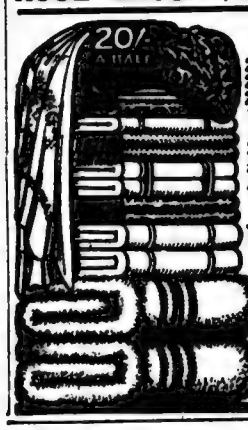

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Cash or C.O.D.
Immediate Delivery.
A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings sent free with each Sale.

STANDARD (KURMAX), Ltd., Dept. K.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

1932 "MIRACLE" SETS NOW AVAILABLE AT FACTORY PRICES

Marvellous 2, 3, and 4-valve Sets, with Single dial tuning, great selectivity and remarkable tone, only 10/- down, balance monthly. BRITISH MADE—all latest improvements. Complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., for instant use. Superlative value also in Screened Grid and Table Sets.
Send Coupon NOW for Art Plates and details of latest Sets.
CONTINUOUS DEMONSTRATIONS AT LONDON SHOWROOMS: 77, Camberwell Road, S.E.5, and 140, High Road, Chiswick.

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COUPON. (Send in unsealed envelope for 1d.) To World's Wireless, Ltd., Dept. J.B.12, 77, Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5. Please send me Art Plates and particulars. (Write in CAPITAL letters, using a pencil.)
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ON VIEW IN OUR SHOWGROUND

ANOTHER BIG Prosperity Drive

Lord Derby views from a new angle those chimneys of industry which smoke so sporadically now

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THERE used to be a famous slogan in the country that "what Lancashire says to-day England will say to-morrow." That was in the days when, thanks to coal and cotton, England's prosperity largely centred in the forest of smoking chimneys that stretch for mile upon mile in that famous county.

To-day the forest of chimneys is still there, but many of them are not smoking; and what Lancashire says to-day is what the whole country is saying—that it is time something was done about it.

Probably the old slogan will soon take on a new meaning, for Lancashire, with Lord Derby at its head, is preparing for action.

I sometimes think that, difficult and unpleasant though these times are, they are not filled with the hopeless pessimism that some people would have us think. Sir George Paish, for instance, would have us believe that "nothing can prevent a complete breakdown within the next two months."

Cries—but they're lusty

I prefer to believe that we are not facing an imminent world collapse, but that we are witnessing a world in travail; and I think that when the birth pangs are over we shall see a new and better system born.

With General Smuts I believe that "the world is rapidly becoming international." Perhaps what we are really witnessing is the slow and painful return of sanity to distraught nations.

And Lancashire, headed by Lord Derby, evidently thinks much the same, for it is setting boldly out on a campaign of national advertising that it hopes and believes will revivify the nation's industry.

It is due largely to Lord Derby's activities and enthusiasm that the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland has made this country and its attractions known to all the world, publishing annually 1,000,000 *Pocket Calendars of Events*, printed in four languages, for the information of travellers; broadcasting about Great Britain from 300 American radio stations; maintaining a service of photographs for reproduction in newspapers and magazines overseas; and in a hundred other ways advertising this country in a way never before attempted.

Now Lord Derby proposes to use this carefully built up and elaborate organisation to advertise not only Britain's attractions as a holiday resort, but also as an industrial centre.

"Sell" the country!

There has existed for some time a body called the Lancashire Development Association, whose aim has been to attract new industries to Lancashire and to find new markets overseas; but Lord Derby has rightly come to the conclusion that industrial development is a national job, and must be done on a national scale. And he is now proposing that local efforts like those of the Tyneside Development Committee, intensive drives like that undertaken by the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce and other bodies, should be co-ordinated into one big national campaign: and at a recent meeting in London representatives of some 300 municipalities agreed enthusiastically and emphatically to co-operate.

The Local Authorities (Publicity) Act empowers local authorities to subscribe up to a halfpenny rate to the Travel Association, though few, if any, have taken any real advantage of this permission. They are now proposing to do so, under Lord Derby's stimulus.

Following Lancashire's brain wave, they are beginning to wake up; for it is dawning upon them that, as the Prince of Wales recently said, the alternative to advertising is to go "bust."

The drive behind this idea is very real. The Travel Association is even prepared to change its name and be known as the National Development Association. It is prepared to put its whole energy and its whole machinery into the scheme.

That it is a brain-wave of first-class value no one conversant with the facts can doubt. Nor can anyone doubt that it holds out one of the biggest hopes of recovery this nation has seen for years.

For, after all, we can offer any nation that wishes to establish industries here, advantages that cannot be found anywhere else. We can offer them rail, road, water and shipping facilities that cannot be beaten.

We can offer them our unrivalled coal and coal products. When the "grid" system is completed we can offer them cheap electrical power to a degree that is going to revolutionise industry.

Thanks to the De-rating Act, local authorities can offer foreign manufacturers virtual freedom from rates.

But, most of all, we can offer them the skill and labour of the most intelligent body of artisans in the world. We can offer them factory sites in centres of population that for generations have been trained to expert factory work.

Our super-workers

It is no idle boast, as our war experience proved: for men and women, girls and boys, turned from ordinary industrial pursuits to the manufacture of munitions with a ready dexterity and skill that had no parallel in any other country.

What about factory sites? We are ready for anyone who cares to come.

In Leicester, for example, a great arterial road has been driven through slums at a cost of over £1,000,000, the people have been re-housed, and first-class sites have been left clear in the very middle of a skilled artisan population.

The same thing has happened at Nottingham and in many other places.

Many of our Midland towns, once sleepy and old-fashioned, have been transformed in recent years into modern, up-to-date industrial cities at a cost of many millions.

Take, for instance, Colwick, where Boots have put up a million-pound building to turn out the whole of their products. Not far away the whole of this firm's vast former factories—themselves a model of planned efficiency—will be available for new businesses. We used to be the workshop of the world. Before science and invention—mostly British invention—had spread manufacturing knowledge round the globe, we used to make goods for the whole world.

Signal says "go!"

We no longer do that. We shall never be able to do it again. But Lord Derby and Lancashire believe that in another way—the way I have briefly outlined—we may become once more the workshop of the world.

I heard a critic say the other day that the whole scheme was nothing more than asking the foreign manufacturer to come in and solve our unemployment problem for us. That there is a vast deal more in it than that is obvious, but even if that were all—would it be a bad thing? I can't see that it would.

In any case, the point, I think, is this: Henry Ford has thought it worth while to build his great motor works at Dagenham, and to use British capital and British labour, and there is no reason why we should not persuade other manufacturers to do the same. And, indeed, many of them may decide to come and manufacture inside our tariffs things that we ourselves cannot make here, because the patents are not ours. It is significant that many thousands of foreign patents have recently been filed here. I think that shows which way the wind is blowing.

Lord Derby's idea is one of the most heartening I have heard for a long time. At its very lowest it marks a definite end to a dangerous period of Micawber-like drift and gives the signal for the mobilising of our national energies, brains and resources to a course of positive and definite action.

The Human Machine

New Year Chances

THERE are two things that are remarkable about human nature. One is its unexpectedness. The other is its unconquerable courage.

Human lilies blossom unexpectedly in the foulest slums. Rank weeds suddenly rear their heads in the most carefully cultivated human gardens. They are unexplained and unexplainable. But wherever you look mankind has progressed because it has never known when it was beaten. Because of that, it never has been beaten.

History is one long record of the unexpected and the indomitable. The human race has always marched forward at the bidding of individuals, and no one has ever foreseen whence these individuals would spring.

Homer was a beggar. Æsop was a slave. Columbus was a weaver—but he discovered the New World. Burns was a ploughman. Halley, the great astronomer, was the son of a soap-boiler.

Sir Richard Arkwright began life as a barber. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver. The list is endless—for was not that great playwright, Ben Jonson, a bricklayer?

But those were different days, you say. There are no chances nowadays. Well, nobody pushed Sir Robert McAlpine, the famous builder who erected the great Wembley Exhibition. He started his career as a young bricklayer, earning a few shillings a week and working twelve hours a day. In winter, when he couldn't lay bricks, he became a coal miner, and devoted his evenings to study.

Then one day he got a contract to erect a small wall. To do it, he had to lay 2,000 bricks a day. He did it—and never looked back.

Opportunities are everywhere. Life itself is an opportunity. Those who win out are those whose vision sees the chance and whose pluck enables them to take it.

Whole Time!

"Just time for a D.R. Minor before they start again. I call this the brief-time De Reszke, you know."

"Brief-time be blowed! Any cigarette that lasts ten minutes I call a *whole-time* cigarette. You never find me smoking anything else nowadays."

De Reszke MINORS

Made of the same choice Virginia tobacco as the most expensive De Reszkes

10 for 4d.
5 for 2d.

20 for 8d

60 for 2/-
(flat decorated tins)

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd. Proprietors.

'Phillips for Flavour'

Without Fear or Favour

Mothers— guard your girls!

THE mothers and fathers of Britain have recently sustained a great shock. It will be a long time before they forget it.

All over the country hundreds of thousands of mothers of little girls must, during the past fortnight, have said to themselves: "Whatever should I have done if I had been the mother of little Vera Page?"

Not once, but many times has the dreadful thought crossed their minds—perhaps when they tuck their own little girls safely up in their beds at night; perhaps when they sit happily round the afternoon tea-table.

And they shudder at the mere contemplation of themselves in the poignant situation of Mrs. Page.

As to making their minds easy, it matters little whether the miscreant who outraged and strangled the pretty eleven-year-old Notting Hill schoolgirl, Vera Page, is brought to justice—whether he expiates his crime by death or by lifelong incarceration in Broadmoor.

The dread of any evil happening to their little girls is always lurking in the background. Nor is that surprising. The menace is very real and widespread. At the present moment there are miniature reigns of terror existing in several parts of the country.

The menace of the lurking stranger is very real . . .

Lurking terror

THE mothers of the western London district, the scene of Vera Page's murder, are, as one would expect, in a fever of apprehension. There is another "terror" at Portsmouth, a third at Manchester, a fourth at Blackheath, where Lousia Steele was the victim, and a fifth at Gidea Park, where a girl escaped barely with her life.

In these and other districts, the reigns of terror are acute because the mothers' instinctive anxiety has been sharpened to absolute fear by the shock of an atrocious crime.

But thousands and thousands of mothers in cities, towns, and villages up and down the country spend many uneasy moments in the course of a year because of threats to the security of their little girls.

There are few girls' schools in the suburbs of London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow or any of the big provincial cities and towns, that do not get a scare every few months or so.

A mysterious man has been noticed lurking in the vicinity when the children leave school. Perhaps he has tried to enter into conversation with some of the younger girls. He has offered them sweets, or told them he will give them a ride home in his car, or in some cases has made obscene remarks to them.

The alarm goes up. A policeman is stationed close by to keep watch. Harassed mothers, and sometimes fathers, wait round the school gates in the dark afternoons to convoy their treasures home. "The man" is seen no more.

After a while the mothers breathe more freely—till the next time.

Sometimes, however, the alarm is not raised till the evil is done. It may not be murder; but it may be, and often is, assault.

The murders of little girls by homicidal maniacs and men of perverted instincts may be comparatively few in number, but the cases of assaults are by no means as few.

If the real figures for a year could be published they would probably come as a shock to most people.

Warn them every day

BESIDES, the sex lunatic—and all these men who interfere with little girls are mad in some degree—is always liable to develop homicidal tendencies.

The peril is not an isolated one. It is ever-present. Nobody can say that it will not descend on its victim here, there or anywhere, to-day, to-morrow, or the day after.

The mothers are right to be always vigilant. They are not so right when, as they often do, they lay the blame for the dangers that threaten their children on the shoulders of the police.

Short of giving children a personal convoy backwards and forwards from home to school—and that is beyond all reason—they can hardly do more than they do at present, which is to give protection when the need for it is brought to their notice.

The problem of dealing with the sex maniac is one of the most difficult the police have to face. These men are not ordinary criminals. They exist in all social classes. They have no records at Scotland Yard. Their finger-prints are not in Chief Inspector Batley's collection, certainly not in the majority of cases. They cannot be recognised on sight by C.I.D. men, like thieves and burglars.

Outwardly there is nothing to distinguish them from normal men. They are instantaneous criminals. Their crimes are almost impossible to anticipate.

We are faced here with one of the big problems of modern civilisation. Undoubtedly the prevalence of crimes, major and minor, by sex maniacs against children is on the increase.

As things now stand it is the mothers themselves who are best able to protect their little girls. Most mothers are already in the habit of warning them occasionally "not to speak to strange men." That warning should be a regular part of the mother's daily task.

. . . and the warning must be very insistent

Teachers must help

MODERN mothers teach their children to avoid traffic dangers by the continual reminder whenever they go out: "Mind how you cross the road." Let those with little girls add to it a second, and equally urgent, reminder.

It can be done without creating in the child's mind a sense of fear. The necessary note of caution would be struck, so that after a time it would always echo its warning when danger approached.

In any case, most mothers would prefer their little girls to be "a bit nervous" rather than to be so devoid of fear and suspicion that they are quite ready to believe in or trust themselves to any stranger who might speak to them alone in the street.

The mothers' efforts to ensure the security of their little daughters should be backed up by the teachers in girls' schools—especially those in charge of children between the ages of ten and fourteen.

When school breaks up for the afternoon teachers should spare a minute to tell the children to go straight home and not stop to speak to any strange man on the way. They should be warned, too, against accepting the offer of "a ride home in a car" from a stranger.

Most girls' school teachers know by experience the sort of traps they have to guard their little pupils against, and in many schools warnings are given.

But the warning must be insistent, and conveyed to the children with sufficient seriousness to impress it upon their minds. Unless they are made to realise that this is something that really matters, it will be forgotten as soon as they have put on their hats and coats in the cloakroom.

A difficult job, all this, you mothers and teachers. But well worth it!

SAVE OUR SH

Can they see a way out? Giants of the shipping world: Lord Inchcape (top) and Sir Percy Bates

Seven men from all the world, back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliff Road, drunk and raisin' Cain.
—Ballad of the "Bolivar."

HOWEVER diligently you may look through London guide-books, you will never find the Ratcliff Highway again. Waves of bricks and mortar have submerged that grimy arcade of flaring gin-palaces where once rolled Kipling's drunken sailormen between ship and ship.

But even if you walked the length of the East India Dock Road, which is its modern equivalent, you would find precious few sailormen, drunk or sober. Nor in the Bute Road in Cardiff, nor the Postern Gate in Hull, nor along the highways of dockland in any of the other great ports—Liverpool, Glasgow or Newcastle.

Their emptiness tells its own tale. Between ship and ship once meant one large gorgeous spree for the bachelor sailor, and for the married man a week or two at most with his family.

Nowadays it means month between month or year between year.

"No Hope Street"

According to the latest figures available, there are about 45,000 British seamen unemployed—one-third of the total number who follow the sea from these Isles. There are more than a thousand officers—some masters with years of command, others mates and second mates—to whom Fenchurch Street with its shipowners' offices means "No Hope Street."

Over the whole of the British shipping industry there lies a deadly blight. The cessation of building work on the giant Cunard liner stirred the public conscience like nothing else has done for many months, but that was merely the culmination of a long chain of events of which the public has remained mostly unaware.

The loss of work for Clyde shipbuilders is a serious matter, particularly at a time like this. But does the loss of work on a luxury liner not yet built, compare with the terrific loss in labour, time and money which has been taking place daily, monthly and yearly on ships already built, on the grain-carriers and the bottle-fillers which keep the nation fed and clothed?

Laid up to rot

Quite recently the chairman of the Orient Line, which owns only seven ships, stated that those seven keep over 7,000 men in wages, counting the crews and port labour.

There are *scores* of ships like that lying idle, rotting their bottoms out for want of work and paint which the owners cannot give.

In round figures, almost three and a half million tons of British shipping is "laid up," nearly four times as much as the amount in 1929.

An overwhelming percentage of this figure represents deep water vessels. So many are being laid up that most of the mooring places available are full up throughout the country.

As long ago as February last Mr. Runciman, then a rank and file M.P., announced that the River Tyne Commissioners had issued a notice to the world that not another ship was to come into the Tyne to be laid up.

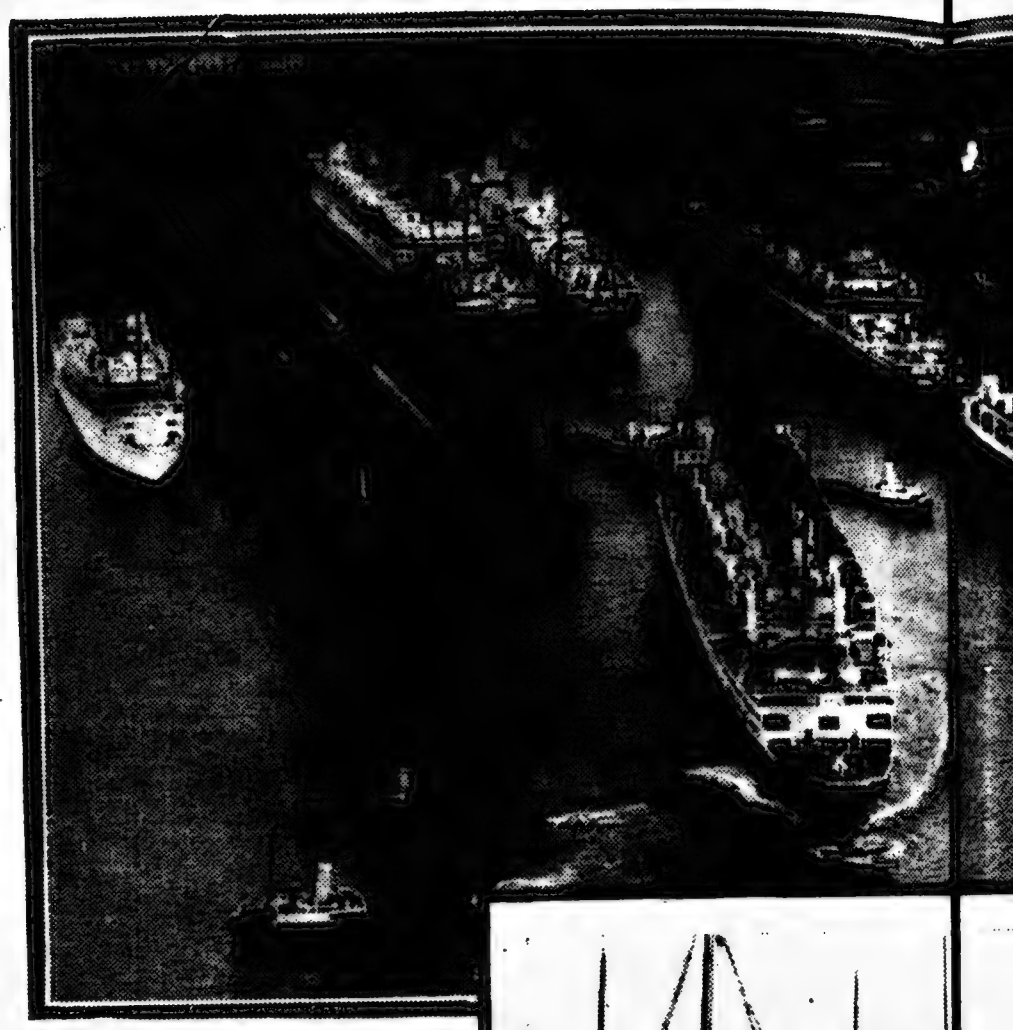
Port of millionaires

"Graveyards," sailors call these tiers of idle ships, and, as they fill, owners are driven to strange expedients. According to Mr. Runciman, "they are planting tramp vessels on top of the high tide in some of the fields in Barnstaple! Anything to get them out of the way with a caretaker and a dog on board. *That* describes the position of the tramp firms."

It does! And the human side of it all is reflected in the officers and men who tramp vainly in search of work and resort to as queer expedients to live, for men of their trade, as their owners have done with ships.

Cardiff once held, according to its Lord Mayor, nineteen millionaires. To-day there are probably two. The rest are ruined, or back to humbler earnings. One shipowner is now running a greengrocer's shop. Another is managing a restaurant.

Of the men who once manned these ships there are master mariners cleaning windows and working as waiters. The Officers (Merchant Navy) Federation have one case on their books of a ship's captain who had been compelled to eke out a living for months by peddling razor blades, studs and buttons.



Liners in the dole queue. There's little work for these big ships—see them here, languishing at Southampton

There is a 'bus company in London which has a dozen ships' officers, some with master certificates, driving their 'buses.

They are the lucky ones. Heaven and the employment exchanges alone know what has happened to the rest.

It is estimated that for 1931 the earnings of the entire British Mercantile Marine, liners, tramps, and literally everything which floats, will not exceed £66 millions. In 1930 the figure was £105 millions, and in 1929 £130 millions.

Thus in two years the earnings of British shipping have been cut in halves.

The biggest loser

Those are the figures which explain the silent tiers of ships, the tramping seamen, the greengrocer shipowners.

Many a ship's officer, gazing over the canvas windscreen of the bridge into an Atlantic night of roaring wind and rain, has muttered in bitter, sarcastic inquiry, "Who wouldn't sell his farm and go to sea?"

It is a tag almost as old as the sea is old, but one wonders how many of them are now working on farms and repeating the tag in a different tone of voice.

But while owners lose and seamen lose each in their separate ways there is yet another loser—the State.

The tragedy of silent, empty cargo b... these tiers of

There is a small matter called in official language "invisible exports," which means a lot in the country's trade balance each year.

Shipping is responsible for a large proportion of this "invisible export" in the shape of passengers and goods.

In 1929, shipping contributed £130 millions to the National Budget in this way. Next year, 1930, it dropped to £100 millions. For 1931, from all indications, it cannot fail to drop another £30 millions.

£60 millions make a nasty hole in the trade balance of a manufacturing and maritime nation. It will have repercussions on the country's fiscal policy and a direct effect on the pocket of the citizen, whose only connection with

SHIPS!

Empty cargo boats. "Graveyards," sailors call these tiers of idle ships.

Paid off. Workers leave the shipyards and the monster Cunarder's skeleton behind them

the sea is perhaps a fortnight once a year.

Every commercial device which can be tried by British shipowners to alleviate the situation has been tried. Freights have been cut to the bone, and yet business does not come.

Passenger fares have been sliced ruthlessly, yet great liners have been running week-end trips like penny steamers and picking up cargo the tramp steamers should have, all in an effort to keep them on the seas.

For the year 1930 the decrease in westbound North Atlantic traffic is officially estimated at £7,250,000 in fares. Eastbound traffic has also gone down, and it is believed that the shipping firms working the great North Atlantic routes have lost about £10,000,000 in revenue as compared with the year before.

Yet to run them at a loss is cheaper than paying harbour dues on laying up.

Mr. F. C. Allen, of the Chamber of Shipping, has declared that 3 per cent. only of the cost of manufactured exports is represented by freight charges, and even that amount includes port charges and the cost of loading.

Crushing dues

Yet, even with freights at such a low rate, the condition of the market is such that on a certain day a few weeks ago *only two vessels were booked on the whole of the North Atlantic seaboard*!

The one bright spot in British shipping is represented by the little coasters, although even of those 16 per cent. of the total are laid up. Yet they are carrying on better than their bigger brothers.

Nevertheless, many things are against them, chief among them the high port dues and loading and landing charges at British ports. These are 60 per cent. higher than those at Continental ports.

It is still cheaper to deliver a cargo to Hamburg than to Westminster.

How has all this dire situation come about and what can be done to amend it?

The causes first and foremost lie, of course, in the present condition of world industry, and the economic nationalism which has helped to lay world trade under a spell has had a direct and peculiar effect on shipping.

After the War many new competitors entered the shipping market. Italy, France, America, Canada, Australia all began to expand their shipping ambitions. An orgy of building set in, and the world total is now seventy million tons as against twenty millions before the war.

For many years past there have been far more ships than the trade to keep them going. But another factor in the situation has been the reckless competition of foreign and Dominion State enterprises.

Bad pipe-dreams

There are people who are even now discussing the taking over and financing of British shipping by the Government. But whatever may be said of State control in other industries, in shipping it has proved itself to be the ghastliest of failures.

Australia lost £8,000,000 before she packed up as a shipowner. Canada has lost £16,000,000, the U.S.A. has lost £72,000,000.

The cut-throat methods and pipe-dream finance of these Government pets has all helped to kick the middle out of British shipping enterprise, which is still the only privately-owned marine industry in the world.

It says much for the sagacity and courage of our shipowners that they have been able to carry on so long in the face of such attacks.

It is no consolation that other nations have burned their fingers and are in as sorry a pass as ourselves. Britain is more dependent on her shipping than any other country. It is our life-blood.

But the situation elsewhere points to the only effective remedy that remains, short of waiting for the slow return of world trade.

Remedies

That remedy is international action and co-operation. Limitation of building and agreements on freight and vessels in service are a few of the things which should be thoroughly thrashed out. So far there have been only international conferences on navigation and details of shipping technique.

They should get down to the urgent problem of how all are to make some sort of a living while there are ships yet to run.

This can only be done by ruthless cutting of losses, by facing realities.

The cheaper pound has brought a few ships from their moorings for foreign freights, and the open sea again, but owners should derive no false optimism from that fact, which will only last until the few remaining nations are also forced off the Gold Standard.

Similarly the whoops of joy at the number of luxury liners leaving with full complements of world cruise passengers are premature.

When the dock-side coal-tips are rumbling again day and night, pouring bunkers and cargo into lumbering old tramps, that will be the time for rejoicing.

Dirty vessels

Perhaps even a temperance fanatic wouldn't mind a few rollicking sailors if those days would come again. And when they do, when the tide begins to turn ever so little, British shipowners should begin to set their house in order.

They can do something to wipe out the recent stigma of the Manchester Port Authority which found that out of 119 British ships inspected, fourteen had dirt, vermin "and other conditions prejudicial to health," and that out of fifty-two foreign ships not one was in this state.

They can do something to find jobs for British seamen in place of the 60,000 Lascars, Arabs, Japanese and foreigners who are normally employed on British ships.

They can wipe out these slums of the sea, and provide a fair chance of a job for the men who now tramp city streets, faithful to their calling and mocked by a sick longing to regain, the fenceless meadows of the open sea.

An ominous sign of the maritime time,—shipbreakers at work

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"Late one foggy night, just about the time my annual Winter cough had started, I was about to leave a friend's house after a card party, when he gave me a jar of your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. When I arrived home, I rubbed some of it on my chest. I could feel its tingling warmth do ng me good there and then! Within a day or two my cough had completely vanished, and now, at the slightest sign of a cough, I kill it on the spot with a rub of your ointment." S. J., Finchley.

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DELICIOUS SWEETS

A REAL LIFE STORY

by A. J. CRONIN

the young Scottish doctor whose first novel, "Hatter's Castle," was one of the outstanding successes of 1931. Dr. Cronin is in practice in London, and has several important medical works to his credit

The THIRD INGREDIENT

THE comfortable discussion following the divisional meeting of the Medical Association was being ruined by an ass: Livingston-Carswell, tails uplifted, spats apart, planted before the fire, airing his supercilious views on—the fallacy of the bottle of medicine! Not much fun for the rest of us—impenitent G.P.s who wanted a pipe and a yarn after a hard day's work.

But that was Carswell! A specialist of sorts, the kind of fellow who knew every germ by its Christian name.

"Surely," he declared, with his patronising stare, "surely the basis of medical treatment is science—pure science. In these modern days you can't expect to get results by the antiquated expedient of a bottle of physic."

There was a nasty pause—we'd all been busy prescribing bottles of physic that very day—and every man but Livingstone-Carswell thought: "The conceited prig! Is he really going to get away with this?"

* * *

Suddenly Old Jupp took his short briar out of the corner of his wry mouth.

"Perhaps yes," said he with an eye cocked at the ceiling, "perhaps no." He let out a long puff. "And perhaps some of us dunderheads use ingredients in our prescriptions that you scientific men don't recognise!".

"I beg your pardon," said Carswell resentfully.

"Well," answered Jupp with a deprecating wave of his pipe, "I'm just thinking at the moment of one particular ingredient—yes, and one particular case."

A movement ran through the well-filled room. Everybody liked Jupp; dry, testy, kindly Jimmy Jupp, J.P., who had taken his Edinburgh M.D. before Carswell had begun to cut his milk teeth.

* * *

"I DON'T deal in duchesses in my practice," said Jupp in his own dry style. "Nor in dukes, either. And Joe was only a barber's assistant when first I came to know him. But he was a decent lad for all that. A little fellow, dark and active, just as perky as a sparrow. And obliging! Perhaps Joe was too willing, too nervously anxious to please. I often felt that a spot of self-assertion wouldn't have done Joe any harm.

"Anyway, that was Joe until the war came along. Don't get restless: I'm not shoving a war story at you. Enough to say that Joe volunteered and was rejected. Not that he wasn't sound as a bell; he was sounder than a peal of bells; but he was too small and they hadn't begun to think of the Bantams in those early days. Still, Joe was anxious to go and in the end, after some bother, he went along with me in the R.A.M.C.

"I saw a lot of Joe those years and I got to like him a lot, too! I warn you, there's no heroism coming. And no V.C.s were going. Joe worked hard, run about plenty, ducked when the shells went over, then came back and put his gratuity into a little barber's business opposite my surgery.

"Speaking of physic, there's a war novel in one dose. And no bad taste in the mouth afterwards!

"Well, Joe was back: and by all the rules of fiction he should have been transformed into a hero of the bulldog breed. But this isn't fiction; it's a true story. And Joe was just the same, perhaps more so: shy, mild, unassuming, white jacketed, trustworthy and timid—oh, timid as a tube of his own tooth paste. He sold this as a side-line—he was so taken up with his tiny shop, so eager to get on. And getting on he was, in his own quiet way.

"It was this same tooth paste that introduced him to Nancy—one winter night she dropped into Joe's shop, on her way home from work.

"I'm not exaggerating when I say that Nancy was a pretty girl, yes—more than pretty. She had dark laughing eyes, a teasing tilt to her head, a bloom on her cheek, and a sturdy saucy figure.

"Well, you've anticipated me. Joe was stricken by the thunderbolt.

"'Go—good evening!' You can see him handing over the change, red-faced and nervous. 'Loo—looks like snow.'

"Or he may have said nothing at all. But after that Joe's business took second place in the constellations of the universe. A brighter star had swum into the horizon. Its name was Nancy.

"Then one evening three months later Joe came into my surgery looking as if he had lost that star.

"'Why, what's the matter, Joe? Has she refused you?'

"'Refused me!' blurts out Joe, turning his hat nervously. 'No—no, doctor. I can't—I couldn't—I haven't given her the chance.'

"'Sit down, Joe. Tell me what you mean.'

"Joe dropped into a chair, pitifully upset.

"'I—I can't ask her, doctor, I haven't got the nerve. A hundred times I started to do it, then some—something comes over me. I haven't a dog's chance, I'm nothing and she's so beautiful. And there's—there's so many fellows after her.'

"'Don't you want her, you idiot?'

"'Oh!' gasped Joe.

"'Ask her, then. Do; and be done with it.'

"'I can't, sir,' he almost moaned. 'I—I've tried everything. I even tried to stiffen myself up with whisky. No use! It only made me stupid.' He looked up desperately. 'That's why I've come to you, doctor. Give me something, please, to—to tone up my nerve. I—I know you can!'

"I gave Joe a very queer look.

"HAVE you been hearing about something, some drug I've got here?'

"'You have got something, then!' he cried out. 'I knew you had. For heaven's sake, doctor, give me it—just a dose to stiffen me up.'

"There was a long silence.

"'Well, Joe! I said at last with extreme hesitation, 'I won't hide the truth from you. I *have* got something here. But if it was known I——'

"'I'll not tell a soul, doctor. Before God I won't.'

"'Thirty drops of it, Joe, and you'd knock down a prize-fighter.'

"'That—that's what I'm needing,' he faltered.

"I stared at Joe for a long time. I didn't want to do it, but I saw that it was the only way. Then slowly I went into the dispensary and mixed him up the draught. I came back, gave him a direct look, handed him the glass.

"'Take it, Joe. Then get the job over quick—quick, man—before the effect wears off.'

"Trembling, Joe gulped that dose without even smelling it; then he snatched up his hat and tore out of the room.

"It was nine before I finished and closed up to go home. On the way to my house I ran into Joe—or, more correctly, it was Joe ran into me. He began to stammer out his thanks.

"'Did you ask Nancy, then?' I asked cautiously.

"'Ask her!' he shouted. 'With that marvellous stuff in me I didn't wait to asked her. I walked straight up to her and hugged her till she said "Yes." We're to be married next month.'

"He went down the street whistling like a starling in Spring.

"WELL, Nancy became Mrs. Joe amidst a great shower of confetti and stale jokes.

"I had a qualm! But it was a success—a great success. The realities were there: I saw the three of them into the world myself: all of them boys.

"But the duet was apparently harmonious; the chorus a happy one! Joe's smile didn't waver. Nothing he wouldn't do for his Nancy. Devoted to her, he was; and she—well, as time went on, she took Joe's homage rather much for granted.

"Five years passed like this, and Joe had no reason to regret that drug I had so rashly used.

"And then I began to notice things across the way. Chiefly Joe. His smile, worn suddenly thin, all at once slipped off; his cheery 'Good morning' took on a pitiful ring; his mild face dulled. But Nancy sparkled more than ever—a hard sparkle—through which there gleamed a sort of sullen contempt.

"I thought the trouble would pass; but the trouble didn't pass. It got worse. Then one day I tackled Joe.

"'What the dev' Joe,' said I, 'has come over you?'

"All at once the little man looked so downtrodden I thought he would burst into tears.

"'It's Mullen,' he mumbled. 'And Nancy.'

"Then he told me the rest: not much to tell. Yet!

"'Why let a lout like that hang about your house?' I said sharply.

"'Nancy likes him to drop in.'

"'Kick him out,' I said more sharply.

"I knew Mullen: half-loafer, half-

"For the last time," fired out Joe, "will you go?"

bruiser; flashy, sporty, loud-voiced; always in funds, but never in work.

"'Yes,' stammered Joe in the old timid way. 'I'll—I'll have to see about it.'

"Turning, he went slowly down the street. This time there was no whistle; and I knew there would be no kicking out of Mullen.

"Several days passed: Joe more moody, Nancy harder—a silly woman touched in her stupid vanity; then, at the end of the week, Joe flung into the surgery.

"'I can't put up with it,' he stammered. 'In my own house. To think that I've got to sit there and watch that big brute making eyes at my wife.'

"'You know the remedy,' I said coldly. 'It's on your foot.'

"Actually tears of impotent rage ran down his face

"'I can't do it,' he cried miserably. 'It's impossible. You know he could lay me out with one punch.'

"SUDDENLY he stiffened.

"'Doctor!' he gasped. 'I—I was forgetting. That stuff you gave me before. Don't you remember. You said—and—by heaven, it *did* make me feel fit to lay out a prize-fighter.'

"Now it was my turn to look discomposed. And I felt it, too.

"'No, no,' I said hurriedly, 'I'm not going to risk that again.'

"If I said 'no' once I said it twenty times; but there was no getting away from Joe's pleading. Despite my fear of the consequences I found myself in the dispensary mixing the same dose that I had given Joe before.

"'Do you love Nancy, Joe?' I asked when I came back.

"'Yes,' he cried.

"'And you wouldn't like Mullen to——'

"'No,' he shouted, with his eye on the glass.

"'It's stronger. Much stronger this time, Joe,' I said.

"He tossed it down and was halfway across the street before I started to follow him. Yes; I'll admit that I was a little doubtful this time as to the efficacy of the potion, so I did follow Joe—slipped into the house behind him.

"From the hall I had a clear view: Nancy on one side of the fire, Mullen on the other, each with a glass of beer at hand, comfortable and at ease.

"'Oh, it's yourself, Joe,' said Nancy, looking up with a sort of tolerant contempt. 'Run over like a good lad and buy us a late paper. Mr. Mullen was wanting to know the winner of the last race.'

"Joe took no notice. He was shaking, but I could see his hands clench.

"'Get out of my house, Mullen,' said he in a low voice.

"'Ah! don't be bothering me, Joe,' said Mullen, with slow derision, taking a pull at his beer. 'Can't you see we're all comfortable here?'

"'Get out, will you!' said Joe in a louder voice.

"Mullen wiped his fat lips, and winked at Nancy. 'Do you hear him now,' said he.

"'For the last time,' fired out Joe, 'will you go?'

"In answer Mullen tilted back the legs of his chair, balanced himself with easy arrogance. But he balanced only for a second. Nothing could have been quicker than the way Joe rushed at him. He was no fighter was Joe, but now he flung himself forward and smashed his fist full into Mullen's grinning face. Over went Mullen, chair, beer, everything—with one glorious crash on to the sharp steel fender. Nancy backed to the wall with a scream.

"'So that's it,' snarled Mullen, getting to his feet with an ugly look. A smear of red was on his cheek from a cut above his eye. 'You think you can lick me—you little squirt.'

"And all at once he made a heavy rush at Joe. But Joe didn't wait. He tore into Mullen like a wild cat gone mad. I never saw anything like it. Joe knew no more about boxing than his own shaving brush. Swinging his arms widely and he seemed to have more arms than an octopus—he hit Mullen chiefly in the stomach. And that was very bad for Mullen.

"He butted Mullen, he stuck to him, clawed at him, he wound himself round Mullen's legs. Mullen cursed, twisted, panted, struggled. Then suddenly, with a frightful bump they fell on the floor—Joe on top. The sound of Mullen's head on that hard floor was like a mallet on an empty barrel: a lovely crash! Mullen's eyes went glassy and his jaw fell down. He was out. The next thing was Joe across his chest damaging Mullen's nose out of recognition.

"Hurriedly I ran in.

"'Don't,' I cried, dragging Joe off. 'You'll spoil him for life.'

"'I want to,' shouted Joe.

"For a full minute Mullen lay on his back—a wreck! At last he groaned, put his hand to his head, staggered to his feet.

"'Get out of my house,' roared Joe, 'before I kick you out.'

"Mullen went out in a hurry. There was a short silence, then with a sudden cry of rapture Nancy ran forward.

"'Joe,' she cried, flinging her arms around him. 'I didn't know you could. Oh, Joe, I never knew—you're—you're wonderful, darling.'

"'That's right, Nancy,' says Joe, in a cool sort of way. 'Remember I'm boss around here in future. Run into the shop like a good girl and fetch a piece of plaster for my eye.'

"'Yes, Joe dear,' said Nancy meekly. 'Anything you say.'

"Joe came with me to the door. His face was pale, one eye closed, but the other glowed with happiness.

"'I—I don't know how to thank you,' he stammered. 'I don't know what you gave me. But—but it was wonderful stuff.'

"And then I told Joe what I'd given him."

• • •

WHEN old Jupp had finished there was a murmur of curiosity.

"Well," said Livingston-Carswell, with a sneer, "what did you use? Maximum dose of strychnine, I suppose?"

"I used three things," said Jimmy Jupp mildly, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "The first was water." He paused. "The second was a drop or two of burnt sugar to colour the water."

"And the third?" shouted half a dozen of us.

"The third was the ingredient I spoke about. I often use it." And old Jupp grinned cheerfully at Carswell, and added: "*It was just faith.*"

Next Week:

"After Dinner—Walk Awhile"

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50 YEARS *from* NOW

by the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD

"Air travel will become as common as the motor charabanc"

WHAT the year 1932 holds we cannot tell. But at least we know that it holds changes. Either the world situation will mend or worsen, for it cannot stand still.

What, then, not of 1932, but of 1982? What does the next half-century hold in store for us?

Cast a glance back at the half-century which has gone.

Hundreds of thousands of people can recall—though many of them may have forgotten—the strides which the world has made in a hundred different directions. It reads like a romance.

In the eighteenth century, in the north of England, old Mother Shipton declared that the time would come when people would fly in the sky and travel in carriages without horses. I do not think that history records the source of her inspiration.

Away back in 1882 there were railway trains, though neither as swift nor as comfortable as they are to-day. Horse trams and 'buses lumbered along the roads of the towns. But country villages were still remote and isolated.

Living dangerously

A brief span of fifty years has seen the motor car, the motor 'bus, the motor charabanc crowd upon our roads, rendering locomotion easier, widening the range of travel, linking up town and country—and incidentally adding new complexities and new terrors to life!

Man is flying through the air, not for a few miles, but for thousands of miles. Goods and letters, as well as passengers, are transported by air. The world has become more closely knit together by air communication.

The telephone is now an essential fitment in every business establishment and in hundreds of thousands of private houses.

The gramophone has been installed in nearly every home. The kinema has become perhaps the most popular of all forms of entertainment.

Better—and better

Almost every family possesses its wireless set. Of all the astonishing miracles of the age we live in I think broadcasting holds the first place.

In the days of our youth the telephone subjected the imagination to strain. Modern wireless would have been utterly incomprehensible.

Science has made enormous strides in many other directions, with important results in the lives of ordinary people.

The death-rate has fallen substantially. People are living longer nowadays than they were fifty years ago. Certain diseases, prevalent then, are virtually unknown to-day, though this generation has its own physical troubles.

Life in the home is more tolerable than it used to be. Hot and cold water, bath-rooms and water-closets, once rare, are scarcely ever omitted when houses are now built.

Gas for cooking and electricity for both lighting and cooking are to be found in an increasing number of houses.

The post-war houses are more healthy, convenient and better placed than they used to be. Roads are infinitely better, and our towns are better lighted than ever before.

Industrial conditions are better. The newer factories and workshops are more efficient, more conveniently arranged, lighter and more airy. Hours of labour are shorter and real wages higher.

There has been an extension of industrial legislation in the interests of the workers and of general economic efficiency.

Better social provision exists to-day than in the days of our fathers. Education and the public health services have developed out of all recognition. Health and unemployment insurance and a national system of pensions have been established.

Looking back on fifty years, even on these few items, we can witness the great changes a mere half-century has wrought. What of the next fifty years?

I cannot bring myself to believe that science will become sterile or human ingenuity fail us in the future. Nor can I think that people will cease to strive for better conditions of life.

In the realm of transport, I suppose that air travel will become as common as the motor charabanc. Day excursions to Paris, Rome, Berlin, Moscow may become as frequent—and who knows, perhaps as cheap?—as day excursions from any city to the sea to-day.

Aeroplanes will become larger and even more luxurious. Airships, in spite of recent experience, will be built and float regally from continent to continent in an incredibly short space of time.

World transformation

Increased road traffic will face us with new problems of transport. Special speedways will be made and in the towns underground roads will become as popular as tube railways. Foot passengers will be able to walk on moving footways similar in principle to the tube escalators of to-day.

The railway termini will also, no doubt, be air travel termini, with landing stages and parking places above the railway station.

Wireless and television will transform the world of both business and pleasure.

The kinema, I should fancy, will lose its premier position as a source of public entertainment. I imagine that everybody will be able to see "living pictures" in his own home of events taking place at the moment.

It may be that the radio, the televisor and the telephone will be supplied to every home much like water, gas and electricity. Perhaps hot water may be supplied centrally.

Easier for women

Fifty years from now the homes then built will be far in advance of present-day accommodation and comfort.

We shall have cleaned the skies and

"I imagine that everybody will be able to see 'living pictures' in his own home of events taking place at the moment"

rid the country of the smoke nuisance. There will not then be as much cleaning for the housewife.

Just as the local authority to-day cleans the streets and removes domestic refuse, so in future it will clean the interiors of houses by the aid of a public vacuum service.

With a cleaner world to live in, our buildings will take a brighter aspect and decoration will be colourful.

In another fifty years I hope we shall have learnt that our powers of production need not block the channels of distribution. Improvement of processes and better organisation will increase our capacity to satisfy our needs.

Everybody ought to be better off, and conditions of labour should be improved even more than they were during the past half-century.

Work—and play

Working hours will certainly be reduced. It may be that the normal working day will be four hours; in which case the wise use of leisure will become one of the greatest problems, as it will change to some extent the character of production and call new services into existence.

More books will be read. There will be far more travel. There will be more gardeners. There will be more hikers and more sportsmen.

Fewer people will be engaged in producing the bare necessities of life and more will be concerned with supplying the amenities of life, and what we should now call luxuries.

I fancy that Geneva will be so easily reached that the League of Nations will meet more frequently, and, in any event, by that time it ought to have obtained complete control of the warlike elements in the world.

In half a century the League will be discussing not war and its prevention, but disease and its prevention, and poverty and its prevention.

Although a glowing picture may be painted of life half a century hence, it will have its own problems. Life will not be all beer and skittles!

But at least it is comforting to think that it may be more tolerable and happy for millions of people than it is to-day.

Race with "Silver Ring"

New Year Plums

NATIONAL Hunt plums are few and far between. The Grand Sefton, run in November, is the first, and then we have to wait for the New Year prizes at Manchester, the Victory 'Chase and the Victory Hurdle.

These have been shorn of much of their glory, for when they were inaugurated after the war they were worth £1,000 and £500 respectively. To-day's values are £500 and £300. Nevertheless, there is keen competition to secure the awards.

There is plenty of material for a fine race in the 'Chase. Drintyre has to give the "National" winner Grakle eight pounds, but he is the more fit of the two and may do it. Lower down the handicap I like the look of Golden Miller, who was disqualified at Newbury for carrying wrong weight. I expect to see Golden Miller win.

Knuckleduster may win the hurdle race for Ireland, but the better of Peacock's pair, Syrian and Another Band, will be dangerous. Syrian, by the way, has won the race once.

Another item of good news is the "National" entries. They come to hand next week. A correspondent has taken me to task for suggesting that Hy Spy, a jumper bred from a flat racer, can win the big race at Aintree. Hy Spy is by the Derby winner Spion Kop.

Why not?

Grakle won the race last March and Gregalach was second. Gregalach scored in 1929. The former is a son of Jackdaw, and the latter is by My Prince. Both were good flat racers.

If anything, I think it is a point in their favour, for they possess speed above the ordinary.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 31, to Wednesday, January 6.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q

C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95V9894MI would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

98M2URIV would read ALL OVER.

"SILVER RING."

£10 WON

A cheque for £10 was offered in these columns for the best new title for the cover picture of JOHN BULL *Christmas Annual*.

The winning title, "Don't Let It Go Any Further!" was submitted by Miss R. Stanger, Market Deeping, Peterborough. She has received a cheque for £10 accordingly.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT TO YOU

SPECIAL CONCESSION

OFFER EXTENDED

15 DAYS

"Worth Ten Times the Price."
The "John Bull" Pen is the best I have ever used, though I have had pens costing ten times the price.—W. Kelly, 4, Waterside, Waterford.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher accepted in part payment of each Pen. Available only until January 15, 1932.

5/- for 2/6

Another Chance!

So great has been the last minute rush for "John Bull's" Record Gift Offer that rather than say "too late" we have decided to extend the offer for another fifteen days. Take advantage of this concession without delay.

WHAT "JOHN BULL" OFFERS:

(1) **2/6 GIFT VOUCHER,** which will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. The Pen is handsomely chased, superbly finished, with latest lever self-filling device and safety screw cap. Fitted with **14-carat solid gold nib,** iridium tipped, it is without a peer for delicacy of touch and smooth-writing qualities. **Written two years' guarantee** with each pen.

The Pencil, complete with extra leads and pocket clip, matches the pen in beauty and workmanship. Both are ALL BRITISH.

SEND 2/6 ONLY (plus postage).

(2) **5/- GIFT VOUCHER,** which will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe.

The Pen, which is **unbreakable,** carries a **Five Year written guarantee.** You will admire the superb finish, the rolled-gold band and pocket clip, the lever-filling device which is deeply sunk, the **extra** quality of the **14-carat solid gold nib** tipped with costly iridium.

The "Everpointed" Pencil with its streamline finish, including extra leads and pocket clip, is a perfect "partner" for a perfect gift. ALL BRITISH.

SEND 5/- ONLY (plus postage).

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 5/-

Accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until January 15, 1932.

10/- for 5/-

Cash the Coupons!

"JOHN BULL'S" NEW YEAR GIFT COUPON

To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT. (J.7), 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send Gift Voucher value 2/6, which please accept as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose p.o. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, and Pocket Clip 3d. extra.

OR

Please send Gift Voucher value Five Shillings, which please accept in part payment of "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de luxe, including clip on pen and pencil and extra leads. I enclose p.o. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required).

Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

Economy

in the shopping basket

Your money goes farthest—and you fare best—when you buy tasty, nutritious, golden ripe bananas. But make sure they are **FYFFES.** The Blue Label is your guarantee of bananas as they ought to be—bananas containing all the food value and all the flavour which comes from tropical sunshine—in a word, **FYFFES.** Insist on **FYFFES.** Look for the Blue Label and so be sure of the greatest value.

BANANAS

ELDERS & FYFFES, LTD.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS IN NO MAN'S LAND

BOYS Nobody Wants

by Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON

ALL the big cities at night have for me unending attractions. They are tense with activity. The ceaseless hum of the thousand sounds that blend into the familiar roar of the streets assumes a fresh personality after midnight.

It is then that there comes to the surface the human wreckage which in the bustle of the day fades out of sight and knowledge.

The hopeless and the helpless, derelicts on the sea of life, who have no port of call, drift along the pavements, searching the dustbins for remnants of food, cowering in corners or over the gratings of clubs and restaurants which still retain the heat from the kitchens below.

Along the silent lamp-lit vistas, empty of movement, steal these homeless creatures stamped with the brand of perpetual poverty and patient hunger.

Youth left out

I thought I knew most of the heart-rending secrets that London and her sister cities enclose; that there was little of destitution or misery with which I was not acquainted. But there is always more to find, a deeper stratum of human suffering to uncover. And lately I have found what is to me the most appalling tragedy of all.

For the vagrant man and woman who have no place to lay their heads there is provision whereby, if they have the price of a bed, they can find shelter for the night. Even those without money occasionally get a shakedown for nothing.

The Fathers of the cities provide for males; private enterprise and religious sects for women, young girls and children.

But there is, with few exceptions, no provision for a boy between the age of ten and eighteen who wants lodging for the night.

There are many and excellent organisations which exist for the purpose of finding permanent homes for workless and friendless lads, but those unfortunates who for a hundred reasons may need temporary shelter have great difficulty in finding them.

I recall a poignant instance of this terrible neglect of youth.

I was helping one night at Cecil House, London, a public lodging-house for women, when a mother with three girls and a boy of eleven applied for beds. I explained that the boy could not be taken in as he was too old, but that I would ring up a London County Council lodging-house for men.

Not even with father!

To my astonishment I was informed that no one under the age of eighteen was eligible. There is no official regulation as to this, but the superintendent told me that he could not accept the responsibility of possible moral contamination by taking in a young lad, nor did he know of any place to send him.

Even if the boy's father had applied for a lodging also the son could not have been admitted.

I told the superintendent that Cecil House would lose its licence if the boy were retained, and pleaded that some corner might be found where he could sleep until called for by his mother the next morning. But, alas! that also was impossible.

I 'phoned up every available lodging house and received the same answer in each case. Even a police-station cell was not open to the unhappy little waif, for he had committed no crime: had not even been found wandering, and therefore could not be given police shelter. The inspector was kindly, but had no suggestions.

By this time, just on nine o'clock, it looked as if the boy would have to be thrust into the street.

But it is always the poor who help the poor—suddenly a lodger remembered a friend round the corner. She returned with the news that the friend would put the boy up with her own children, in an already overcrowded bed, and the poor, tired scrap of humanity was at last in haven.

I have known many instances equally tragic. There is a small but unceasing number of young lads who, unable to find work in their own villages, set out with all the courage of Dick Whittington for London or the big provincial cities.

They usually arrive with little money, but sufficient to tide them over the first few days, when they may hope to get into touch with some organisation which will help them.

In the intervening period they may have to sleep in doorways, hide themselves in back alleys, endure all the physical degradation of sleeping in the streets. Romance, glamour has led them on.

Two places in London, known as public sanctuaries, where boys can find shelter are St. Martin's Crypt and Holy Trinity Church in Gray's Inn Road.

There on the wooden pews you may find some of our future manhood, pitifully asleep, thankful for the shelter, though miserably conscious that for no reason they can help they are outcast from a bed.

London must learn true charity from Manchester. There homeless lads are admitted to the public lodging-houses.

That is not all. By special arrangement the superintendent of such a house immediately communicates with the office of the chief constable, and a policeman is detailed to take the lad to a hostel where he is looked after until permanent arrangements can be made for his future.

Stony-hearted

Hull, however, like London, has no provision for derelict youngsters, and the lodging-houses in Birmingham practise the same exclusion. Leeds does not allow boys up to the age of sixteen years in a men's lodging-house, but Southampton raises the ban if and when they are accompanied by their fathers.

Liverpool has no restriction so far as the accommodation of boys in common lodging-houses is concerned, while Bristol, as a matter of course, takes in youths of any age.

I am also glad to note that Plymouth looks after her homeless sons as carefully as Manchester, for while they are barred from public lodging houses provision is made for them at a special hostel.

These exceptions shine out like stars in a black night of indifference. But for the most part English cities are stony-hearted towards the younger generation, and London is the most implacable of all.

Yet there is no reason why beds should not be made available for every boy stranded in any city. It would need but a very small expenditure of money to equip a room at the London Municipal and other male lodging houses for the use of half a dozen youths, where, under supervision, they might sleep secure from any risk of demoralisation.

As it is, too often they do not know where to turn for a casual night's shelter. England's untouchables, they are suspended in a desolate "No Man's Land."

The Bogus MOBILE COLONEL

NUMEROUS people are being cleverly defrauded by two crooks who call themselves Colonel and Mrs. John Mackenzie.

Complaints are mounting steadily, and the pair have just been surprisingly active in the neighbourhood of Torquay, where they have occupied a furnished house in Babbacombe Road.

Their scale of living during this tenancy was high, and the colonel, who is an impressive-looking man of sixty, was in the habit of frequenting the lounges of most of the fashionable hotels.

Everywhere he went his geniality won confidence, and he delighted hosts of newly-made acquaintances with stirring stories of his military experiences.

African chatter

Many of his anecdotes related to South Africa, where he said he had served first in the Boer War and later in the Mounted Police.

Although he had retired and settled in Torquay for his health's sake, his heart was in Africa, where he still had business interests, being the owner of a fruit farm near Johannesburg.

He was understood to be in very comfortable circumstances, as apart from his income derived from this farm he was supposed to have Army and police pensions. Sometimes he talked of his experiences in the Great War, in which he said he had seen service as a colonel in the Machine Gun Corps.

Colonel John Mackenzie patronised all the leading shops and was generally regarded as a good customer. His methods are revealed in the story of his transactions with one firm of outfitters.

In a hurry

He drove up to their premises one day, and while Mrs. Mackenzie waited for him in the car, the colonel proceeded to select numerous articles.

After ordering a sports suit and flannels, he asked for various items such as shirts, pyjamas, ties and socks to be put on one side for him as he had to rush off to attend an important function.

Next day he drove up again, selected further goods and, producing his cheque-book with a flourish, asked how much everything totalled. As he wished to take his purchases away with him in the car, the colonel was respectfully asked for references.

Back again

The colonel unhesitatingly obliged by giving the names of a number of firms with which he had "done business," and also mentioned that his bankers were Lloyds Bank, Pall Mall branch, London, S.W.1.

The cheque he had already started to make out was drawn upon Lloyds Bank, and the assistant did not think it necessary to demur further, particularly as he believed the colonel to be an established resident in Torquay.

But the cheque came back marked "No Account," and by that time the colonel and his lady had flown.

His impudence is illustrated by the fact that the business firms whose names he supplied as references were all creditors!

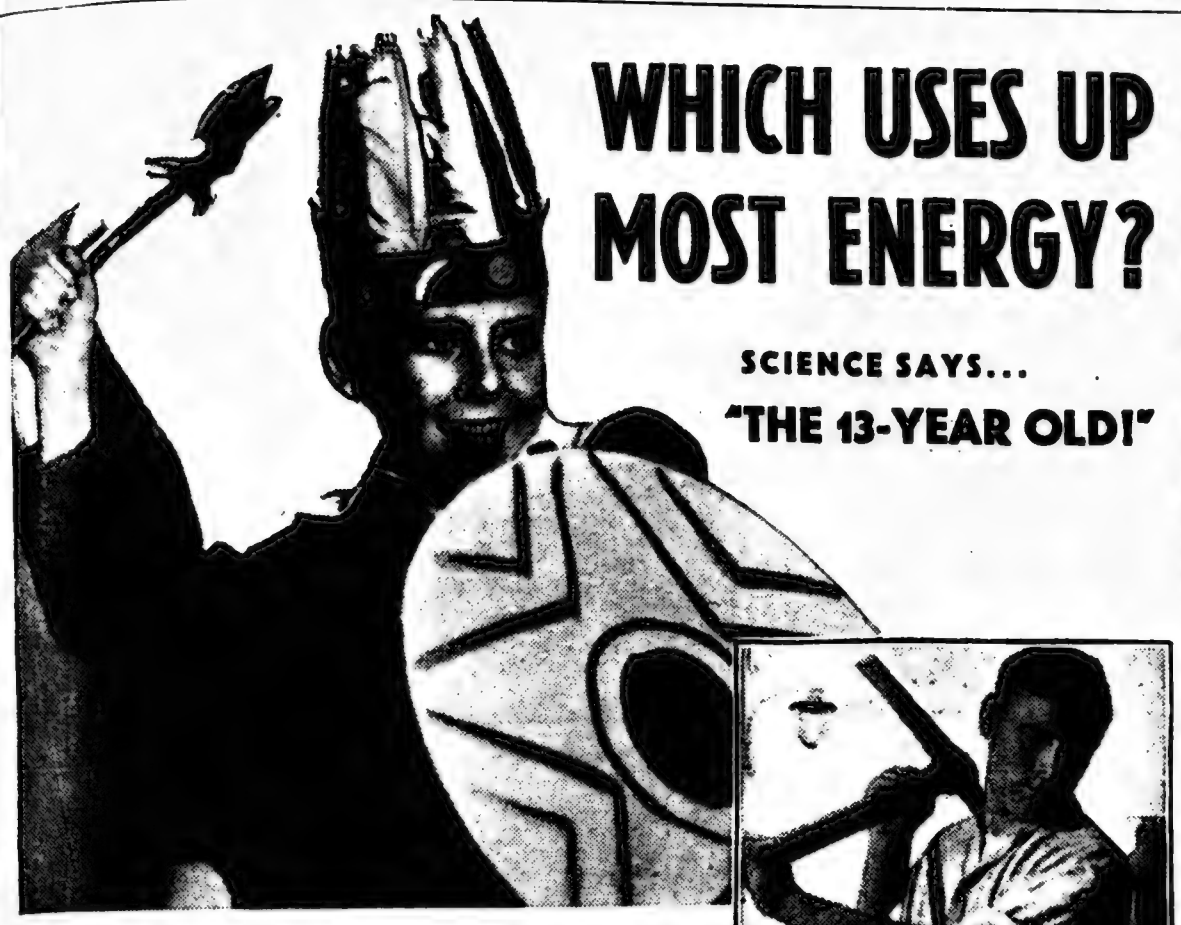
A versatile gentleman!

In another coup which has now come to light the lead was taken by Mrs. John Mackenzie. A Torquay store was again the victim, and in this instance Mrs. Mackenzie referred to her husband as a "major," late of the South African Rifles.

She said they had just arrived from South Africa, and as they were settling in Torquay, she would require "a lot of things." She induced an assistant to let her take various expensive gowns away.

In other instances, we find, Mrs. Mackenzie has obtained goods by varying her story with references to her husband as a "famous journalist, just back from Canada."

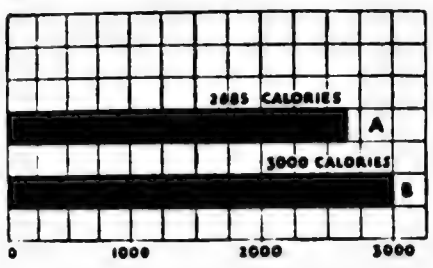
News of their present whereabouts would be much welcomed.



WHICH USES UP MOST ENERGY?

SCIENCE SAYS...

"THE 13-YEAR OLD!"



This chart, based on the work of well-known dietitians, indicates the different daily energy requirements of active grown-ups and children. A illustrates the needs of a workman. B illustrates those of an active boy of 13.

ALMOST unbelievable — that a 13-year old child should use up more energy than a labourer.

Yet it is a scientific fact — explaining why children — more even than adults — require a *balanced* diet . . . one which includes an abundance of energy-giving food.

It is also a reason for supplementing the regular nursery meals with Horlick's Malted Milk!

CHILDREN NEED ENERGY-BUILDING FOOD

Made from fresh dairy milk, fine wheat and malted barley, Horlick's is a rich source of energy and body warmth. It also adds a big quota of body-building nourishment to ordinary meals. Children who take Horlick's regularly do not get over-fatigued, nor do they run "underweight" risks. Delicate children quickly improve — robust ones thrive on Horlick's. And its delicious "malty" flavour makes it popular with young people.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT HORLICK'S

Horlick's is obtainable from chemists and grocers everywhere in sealed glass bottles in four sizes.

Ask also for the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

KEEPS GROWING YOUNGSTERS' FIT

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.

COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' Ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us, or write for Catalogue, post free.—Cochrane & Sons, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

START a Drapery Business and make money. Get our 250-page Catalogue and ABC Guide free. See page 56, telling you of 7 ways how to make money. Example of our value: Men's Socks, 3/6 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Stockinette Pants, 9d. lb. Ladies' Fleecy-lined Mackintoshes, 4/11 each. Our free catalogue is a treasure full of bargains. Sample Bales, 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* guarantee.—Wolfson, 48 Desk, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only). — Levy Bros., Dept. A, 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars and catalogue.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS, A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, BIG COMMISSION, NO RISK, AND MERCHANDISE BY A FAMOUS BRITISH FIRM. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Marvellous Bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. First in 1870, foremost to-day; over 60 years of service. Send P.C. NOW for particulars and wonderful 232-page Bargain Guide.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 211, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE FORCE. Men wanted over 5 ft. 9 in. (aged 19-27). Commence about £3 10s. per week. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.S.I., 258, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again; over 60% profit; any quantity. Cat. Free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.—Expert postal tuition. Success guarntd. For partics. write Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

A PAYING PROFESSION. SURGICAL CHIROPODY taught thoroughly and cheaply in your own home. Qualify for the School Diploma, and commence practice. Free Pros.—Director, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

A GREAT DEMAND for Certificated Bookkeepers. Sal. £3-£6 weekly. Expert postal tuition for public exams. Fee 8/- monthly.—Free Employment Bureau. Success assured.—Brochure FREE.—City Correspondence College (D. 9), 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades sent for 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1285 free.—Dudley's, 415, Holloway Road, N.7.

"CAPTAIN" Razor Blades. Sheffield made. 1/- dozen. Several Sole Agencies open.—Dominion Steel Corporation, Ltd., Queen's Road, Sheffield.

CARNIVAL and Party Novelties, Balloons, Decorations, etc. Send for free list to-day.—"Uneedus," Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WOOLS.—ANNUAL SALE.—Hosiery 1d. ozs., Fing. 12d., Bracken Sports 12d., Blk. 6-ply 1/- lb., Wiltona 1/11, Cable 1/11, Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty, Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloon. Ill. List J.B. Free.—Becks, British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy British. Wholesale. Delicious specially blended Indian and Ceylon Tea only. Highly recommended. 10 lb. 10/-, 4 lb. 4/8, 2/-, 6/-, 7/-. Carr. paid. Special prices large quantities. —Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1932 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 184 pages, 266 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Hoods, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nightdes, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONE SALE.—Motors, Tonearms, Soundboxes, Horns, Amplifiers, Gramophones and Cabinets at gift prices. Catalogue free.—J. B. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford, Ldn., S.E.8.

GRAMO'S.—Make one ½ price. Instructions, drawings, 64-p. ctlg. 3d. Portable 15/6. Motors 7/6. List free.—Regentbull, 120, Old St., London.

WIRELESS.

FREE CIRCUITS of new 2, 3 and 4-valve sets, complete with lists of necessary components sent post free.—YOUNG'S (GLASGOW), LTD., 40, STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

GET THE NEW THREE RADIO RECEIVER. Guaranteed to receive up to one thousand miles. Costs only £5 10s. and available on deferred payment terms. Read all about it in the advertisement of the Tower Royal Radio Company on page 31.

FREE Catalogue No. J.B.10 offered by the manufacturers of "BLUE SPOT" LOUDSPEAKERS. See page 26.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (482a), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds. HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 Beans), 1/3. Post Free.—Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

BRONCHITIS.—By acting directly on the inflamed passages, Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief. Write for Free Booklet No. 46F. to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

CASTELLAN PILE CURE TABLETS are a real and genuine remedy. 1/3, 2/3. Pile Ointment, 1/3, 3/-. Soothing and healing. A month's continuous use of these well-tried prescriptions will convince.—For particulars, McGUFFIE'S, Chemists, 10, Castle Street, Liverpool.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-Consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.87), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

WOULD you like a couple of glasses of "WINCARNIS"? Send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 97, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

MR. SHADFORTH'S NEW YEAR GIFT OFFER—a copy of his wonderful book, "The Wealth of Health." This can be obtained free with every order for any of the proved remedies advertised on page 29.

A FREE sample of "NOSTROLINE" is offered in the advt. on page 20.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

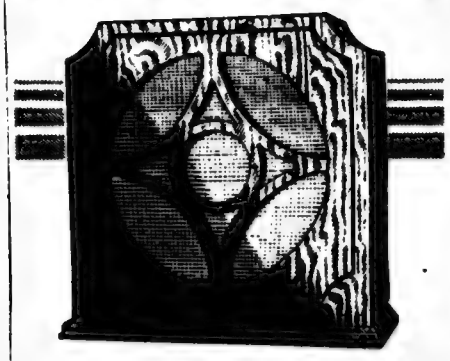
RATS & MICE QUICKLY CLEARED WITH RODINE. THEY EAT IT GREEDILY, DIE INSTANTLY. NEVER FAILS. 7½d. and 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH. (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
The Favourite Party Sweet.
Ask your Sweet Shop.

MESSRS. ALFRED BIRD & SONS, LTD., offered a "Best Way" Recipe Book FREE in last week's issue, but unfortunately the address of the firm was omitted. The book can be obtained by writing to Messrs. Alfred Bird & Sons, Ltd., Devonshire Works, Birmingham. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

READERS' attention is drawn to the sound Building Society investments on page 12. Any sum can be deposited and interest secured free of tax. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for full particulars or booklets offered by the societies advertised on that page.

GIVE YOUR SET A NEW VOICE



YOUR set *brings* you the stations, but do you *hear* them properly? Get a BLUE SPOT Speaker and hear every word as clearly as if it were spoken in the room. Songs and music are just the same. Every word and every note as clear as a bell.
With a BLUE SPOT Speaker you can be sure of hearing the "John Bull" Sunday Concert from Paris perfectly. Send for Catalogue No. J.B.10.

MODEL 45R *as illustrated* **52/6**

BRITISH BLUE SPOT COMPANY, LTD.
Blue Spot House, 94/96, Rosoman Street, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1.

Hutchesonad

You can make THIS economy to-day

Cheap valves are a mistake; but don't pay more than you need. ETA valves are as low as you can go in price without sacrificing efficiency. No valve gives a better account of itself; no valve is more satisfactory and economical in use. If you want to hear the "J.B." Concert from Radio Paris perfectly be sure to use ETA valves.

ETA

THE INTERNATIONAL VALVE

THE ELECTRICAL TRADING ASSOC., Ltd.
Aldwych House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.
Telegrams: Eltradax, Estrand, London.
Telephone: Holborn 8139.

Hutchesonad

Justice Under a Microscope

THE legal system of Great Britain is rather in the nature of a crazy pavement of different hues. It is colourful, variegated, picturesque, although with a good many ragged edges calling for the sharp scissors of reform.

Some people are puzzled when they hear the House of Lords spoken of as a court of law. They are more accustomed to think of it simply as the Upper House of Parliament, empowered to mend or mutilate Bills passed by the House of Commons.

Some imagine, when they read that a lawsuit is to be carried to the House of Lords, that the whole body of peers, or as many of them as choose to attend, are to settle a legal dispute.

The facts are far otherwise. In its judicial capacity the House of Lords is a highly select body comprising only members of the peerage who have held high judicial office, together with seven salaried judges of the highest learning and eminence, known as "Lords of Appeal in Ordinary," or more commonly as the Law Lords.

From this galaxy of legal talent it is not difficult to assemble from day to day during the legal terms the tribunal which, both in civil and criminal matters, constitutes the Supreme Court of Appeal.

His Peers' verdict

In one contingency only are the general run of the peerage invested with legal powers. It is the right of any peer charged with felony to be tried not by an ordinary jury, but by his fellow members of the House of Lords.

The last example of this kind occurred some twenty years ago, when the late Earl Russell was accused of bigamy.

It was a most impressive and unusual affair. The presiding judge was the Lord Chancellor, who had the aid and counsel of the other legal peers, while the lay members of the gilded assembly acted as a jury, finding a verdict of guilty against the noble earl, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The question has been asked why the same procedure was not followed in the recent case of Lord Kylsant. The answer is that the offences alleged against this unhappy nobleman were in law "misdemeanours" and not felonies.

The distinction is a technical and often a meaningless one, but it has the important result in the case of a peer charged with crime that he goes to the Assizes, or the Old Bailey, for trial and not to the queerly-constituted court which condemned the late Earl Russell.

Throughout our legal system, of ccurse, there is the broad distinction between civil and criminal jurisdiction.

The supreme six

It is only in the rarest instances that the House of Lords is called upon to adjudicate in a criminal case; never in fact unless the Attorney-General certifies that there is a point of law in dispute of such importance as to call for the decision of the judges deemed to be the most learned in the land.

The last occasion upon which they had to determine a criminal question was when a man named Beard, convicted of the murder of a child, pleaded that he was in such a mad state of intoxication at the time that it amounted to temporary insanity.

With proper caution the Law Lords rigidly insisted that mere drunkenness was no excuse for crime, although there might be rare instances in which the evidence showed a man to have actually gone mad through persistent alcoholic excess.

Descending the scale on the civil side of the law we come to the Court of Appeal housed at the Law Courts, Strand, London, where sit six judges of higher rank and salary than their colleagues in the same building, their president the Master of the Rolls.

With disturbing frequency they upset the decisions of their learned brethren in the King's Bench and Chancery Divisions, whose business it is to try in the first instance any civil dispute involving more than £100.

Where lesser sums than this are at stake the parties must carry their quarrel to the nearest County Court, the familiar battle-ground for small debt actions, rent disagreements, and a host of minor lawsuits.

Bar-Bench gulf

If either party is dissatisfied with the decision of the County Court judge he has a right of appeal to a Divisional Court, meaning very often that he can throw good money after bad by carrying his case to the Law Courts in London, where it will be heard over again by two judges of the King's Bench.

Once only has a County Court judge been raised to the High Court Bench, this unique promotion being that of Mr. Justice Acton.

In view of the difficulty of persuading highly-paid counsel to leave the Bar for the Bench, now that several judicial vacancies are impending, it might be well to consider whether there are not other County Court judges who would be competent to deal with larger legal questions.

Turning to the criminal law, we find a no less imposing array of tribunals. First, there are the local Assize Courts held two or three times a year in the larger county towns, accompanied by the pomp and pageantry dating from centuries ago.

The gaudy state coaches of the judges, the halberdiers and trumpeters, the gaily-liveried postillions are a familiar sight to those residing where it is the custom to hold these ancient Courts of Assize.

They have practically unlimited criminal and civil jurisdiction, including now, at all but a few centres, the hearing of petitions for divorce.

Not all criminal charges, however, are thought grave enough to be heard at the Assizes, each county and borough having its Courts of Quarter Sessions, where all but the most serious offences can be punished.

In county areas the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions Bench of Justices, who in many directions wields authority equal to that of a High Court judge, need not be a professional lawyer.

The scandal of allowing untutored laymen to try grave criminal charges, with the power to sentence their fellow citizens to long terms of penal servitude, is among the crying legal abuses of the day.

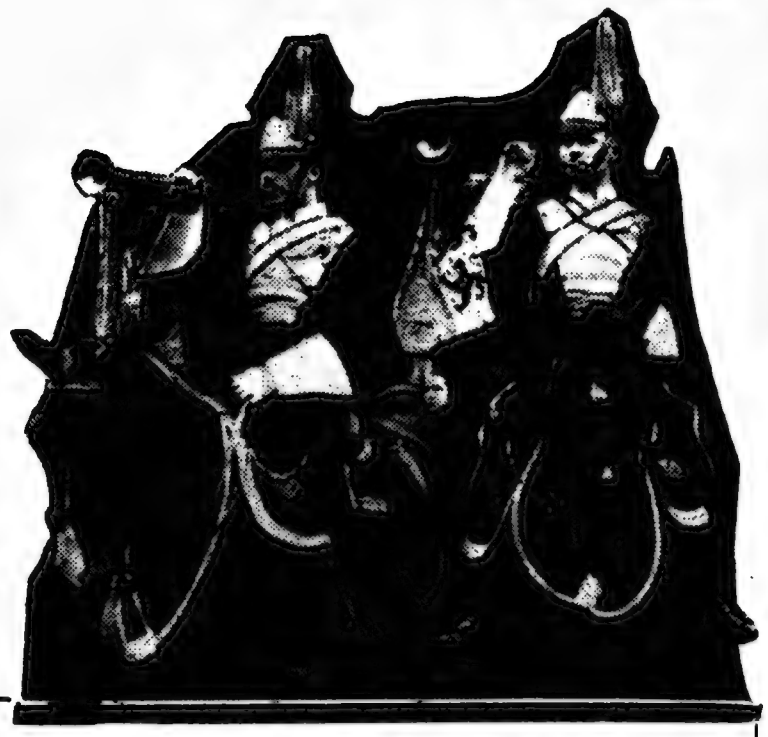
Price of justice

It is made even more conspicuous by the fact that in the smallest borough the law insists that the Quarter Sessions shall be presided over by a trained barrister known as the Recorder, selected in every case by the Lord Chancellor.

This roving survey of the country's principal legal tribunals has left out of account the familiar police-courts which call for no mention, except that it ought long ago to have been made compulsory for each one of them to be under the presidency of a legally qualified stipendiary magistrate.

In London and the larger cities this is the rule. It should be the rule everywhere.

There is little consolation for a person, wrongfully convicted by blundering lay magistrates, in the fact that he can appeal to Quarter Sessions, as long as a prisoner, who may perhaps be penniless, can avail himself of this right only upon giving security for costs in the sum of £40.



The trumpeters "blow in" another session of the Courts of Assize

THE LAW'S CRAZY PAVEMENT

BRUSH IT UP

There's nothing like a good brushing for upholstered furniture! Nothing like a fountain-pen filler and some paraffin for dealing with worm. Nothing like cooking salt and water for cane furniture.

Nothing like the *Ideal Home* Magazine ("Economy Number," now on sale) for tips on prolonging the life of your house and everything in it!

Spend a shilling and save pounds!

Listen-in to "JOHN BULL'S" GRAND CONCERT from RADIO PARIS next SUNDAY NIGHT at 10.30 and win

£500

Here are the Ten Records!

Below is a list of the ten Gramophone Records which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday Evening, January 3rd, commencing 10.30 p.m. When filling in your Entry Form quote only the "key" NUMBERS of the Records you Select.

Key No.

1. **CAVALCADE** (H.M.V., C 2289) *Played by the* NEW MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA.
2. **RIVER STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR** (H.M.V., B 3956) *Sung by* PAUL ROBESON.
3. **SERENADE** (Columbia, DB 469) (Heykens) *Violin Solo by* ALBERT SANDLER.
4. **VIENNA, CITY OF MY DREAMS** (H.M.V., DA 1239) *Sung by* RICHARD CROOKS.
5. **MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY** (Columbia, D.R661) *Banjo Solo by* EDDIE PEABODY.
6. **CHE GELIDA MANINA** (H.M.V., DB 1538) *Sung by* GIGLI.
7. **GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL** (Zonophone, 5993) *Played by* JACK HYLTON.
8. **VIKTORIA & HER HUSSAR** (H.M.V., B 3957) *Pianoforte Solo by* RAIE DA COSTA.
9. **OH, SAILOR BEHAVE** (H.M.V., B 3912) *Sung by* GRACIE FIELDS.
10. **BLUE DANUBE** (H.M.V., D 1218) *Played by the* PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

DID you listen in to Radio Paris last Sunday night? If so, you will have heard the wonderful "John Bull" Concert which was broadcast at 10.30 p.m.

This novel Concert—**the first of a weekly series**—will be repeated next Sunday. Ten popular records will be introduced by the well-known wireless comedian, **Leonard Henry**, who is going to Paris specially to broadcast for the "John Bull" Concert.

The Ten Records for Contest No. 2 will be Broadcast on January 10th. Make a note to listen-in to the "John Bull" Concerts from Radio Paris every Sunday at 10.30 p.m.

Don't miss this wonderful radio thrill next Sunday. Settle down to an hour of enjoyment. Invite your friends to come and enjoy this feast of music and song.

"John Bull" is offering to listeners the huge prize of £500, which must be won, for placing eight of these ten records in the best order of entertainment value. You may send in your entries on the forms below, or on plain paper about the size of a postcard. Put your skill to the test in this fascinating new Competition.

Make certain to tune in next Sunday night at 10.30 to the Grand "John Bull" Concert.

Rules and Conditions.

Below in this page will be found a list of ten Gramophone Records, which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday, January 3rd, commencing 10.30 p.m. Listen in to these records—select what you consider are the best eight in their order of entertainment value—then fill in your selections accordingly on the Entry Forms provided, or on a blank piece of paper the size of a postcard. When this contest is closed—that is after all entries have been received—these records will be judged by a committee of three entertainment experts, who will select the eight best in order of entertainment value. "John Bull" will pay the sum of £500 in cash to the competitor whose selection on one form agrees most nearly agrees with the award of the experts. The judges will award the prize to the entrant whose placings of the entertainment value of the eight records selected correctly proceeds furthest down the list in accordance with the order decided upon by the committee of experts.

The decision of the Committee of experts in connection with Contest No. 1 will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale January 14th. The name of the winner will be announced in "John Bull" on sale January 21st.

(2) Entry Form must be filled in by the entrant in ink, and must not be mutilated or altered or left incomplete.

(3) Entrant's name and usual address must be written as directed on all Entry Forms. Each Entry Form must be cut out and must have one 1½d. stamp affixed to the space provided thereon. Entries may also be sent in on plain paper, the same size as an ordinary postcard, enclosed in an envelope, but each entry must have a 1½d. stamp affixed.

(4) The entrant may enclose all his attempts in one envelope, which must reach the address below not later than noon, Thursday, January 7th.

RADIO CONTEST No. 1,
"John Bull,"
2, Arne Street,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5) Proof of posting is not proof of delivery, and no responsibility is undertaken for any entry form or claim lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the £500 prize will be equally divided. No entrant can win more than one share of the prize.

(7) The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

(8) Entrants are required to accept as final the result of our careful searches and entries are accepted only on this condition.

(9) Employees of "John Bull" and associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

On an Entry Form or on a blank piece of paper about the size of a postcard, write your selection of the best eight Gramophone Records in the order of entertainment value: (use key numbers only—see list above). You may send in as many entries as you wish providing each entry is made on a separate piece of paper and a three-halfpenny stamp affixed to each entry. Give your full name and address on each entry you send in.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 1.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, JAN. 7th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 1.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE

1st	
2nd	
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4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, JAN. 7th.

CUT HERE

Hear the "John Bull" broadcasts clearer ...fit an

Exide BATTERY for L.T.

and a

Drydex BATTERY for H.T.

In types and sizes to suit every type of wireless set. Obtainable everywhere from Exide Service Stations and all good dealers.

Exide Batteries, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, nr. Manchester.
Branches: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast.

N.76

THE NEW LYBRO "EASY FIT" OVERALL

BETTER THAN EVER 6/6

"LYBRO EASY-FIT" has always represented the finest value obtainable in Overalls. The NEW "Lybro Easy-fit" are even better. There are more and better pockets. The cut has been made roomier giving greater comfort and increased protection. And they are sold at the old popular price of 6/6.

Ask your Outfitter to show you them. Made in blue and brown from the finest anti-shrink dungaree and specially processed for Lybro. Notice the double-stitching and treble-tacking which gives added strength to the parts which receive the greatest strain. Be sure to see the Red Button which marks all genuine Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls.

MORE & BETTER POCKETS

STILL GREATER COMFORT

FINEST VALUE

Jackets	5/11
Trousers	5/11
Boiler Suits	9/11

CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

CVS 44

Human Documents

Blackmail FROM A CRADLE CHANGELING

MY business is growing; I enjoy good health; I have a wonderful wife. But for some time, much to our sorrow, we had no children.

Eventually we had a little son, but, alas! after two days he died. My wife lay for several days in danger, and the doctor insisted on keeping the death of the baby from her. Knowing her great desire for a child, I was prepared to do anything to save her a bitter disappointment.

With the doctor's help I formed a decision. Within three days I had adopted a newly-born baby boy, whose unmarried mother was only too glad to part with him. I paid her a lump sum of money in order to secure complete surrender of the child. When my wife recovered, she was led to believe that the baby boy was her own.

I intended to tell her the whole facts when she was stronger, but she became so attached to the child that I had not the heart to do so.

THAT was twenty-three years ago, and in spite of every endeavour on our part to induce him to keep straight, the boy has grown into a bad man with criminal tendencies. On several occasions he has stolen money from us, and my wife pleaded with me not to prosecute, believing him to be her son.

But now has come the crisis. The scoundrel, no doubt while searching among my private papers for loose money, has come across the receipt for the money paid for his adoption. He has concluded that I had a child by the woman in question, and that the money had been paid to keep her silence. The real truth has not dawned upon him, and he still believes me to be his real parent.

He is now blackmailing me with the threat of disclosing this story to my wife. If I tell her the truth I am afraid the shock might kill her, as she is not strong, and cares for the boy with a mother's love. On the other hand, if I keep silent, my supposed son will believe that his conclusions are confirmed, and bleed me with his demands for money.

AGAIN, if I tell him the truth, I know that he will continue to blackmail me to keep the news from my wife. He is an utter blackguard and cherishes not the slightest affection for my wife, who has brought him up as her son.

What can I do?

"HUMANIST" says: Yours is *indeed* a real problem, and has caused me a great deal of anxious thought. If the doctor is still alive, get him to see that adopted son of yours; if not, a solicitor or a trusted friend. Let him be told the facts and be made to realise that he has no legal claim upon you.

You must show him that you will be blackmailed no longer. Tell him that if he informs your wife, he will never be allowed to darken your home again. If he sees he has everything to lose and nothing to gain, it is likely that he will hold his tongue.

PUT YOUR TRUST

in your fiancee

I HAD the chance of a good appointment in this town, which is thirty miles away from my home, and I left behind the girl to whom I have been engaged for over two years.

The other day I had an anonymous letter saying that if I wanted to keep my girl I had better find a job nearer home, as she was walking out with somebody else.

It has upset me a great deal, and I wonder if I ought to tax her with the accusation. What do you advise?

"HUMANIST" says: What would you think of a person who stabs another in the back? That is what an anonymous letter-writer does. It is the work of a mean, contemptible cad. Either trust your girl, or, for her sake as well as your own, find another one.

HAUNTING PROMISE

on a death bed

I AM a park gardener, well on in years, and I have a wife and crippled daughter dependent upon me. I have had no opportunity to save, as my scant earnings have been swallowed up in my daughter's doctor's bills.

I had as a friend and fellow-worker for thirty-five years a man some years my senior. As the work increased he was appointed head gardener, and I acted as his assistant. One of his sons also worked under him.

Two years ago my friend was taken ill, and the day before he died he called me to his bedside. He told me I was his natural successor as head gardener, but as I was getting old and could not retain the position for long, he asked me to stand down in favour of his boy. I saw that it would bring happiness to him in his dying hours, so I agreed to do so.

When the vacancy was advertised one of the aldermen of the town asked me why I had not applied. I had to tell him the truth. He told me the job was mine and he thought me a d——d fool for not applying.

The boy was duly appointed, and I have worked under him for two years. He is young and enterprising and considers me old-fashioned and slow. The other day he hinted that I should either have to cease work or else go out into the park extension to break new land for the council.

I dread to leave my beloved park, and yet I know if I do not obey his orders he will find some excuse to dismiss me. Then without any savings I shall be at my wits' end to know what to do. If this happens I shall bring hardship upon my wife and crippled daughter.

Should I tell the lad of his father's dying request?

"HUMANIST" says: I am no great believer in death-bed promises, and I am sure that the man to whom you made it would never agree to your enduring your present anxiety. Go to the alderman who knows the full story and ask him to tell your new boss the facts.

If that fails to move him, write to the chairman of your parks committee. Your unselfishness has already cost you dear. You must now strike out for the sake of your wife and daughter.

AMBITIOUS BOY

to encourage

WE have three children—our eldest boy of sixteen, his brother, nearly fourteen, and a girl of eleven. Since being a tiny tot, Fred, our first born, has been very sharp, and when he went to school he carried everything before him, winning a scholarship to the grammar school when he was twelve.

We are only working folk, and two years ago we decided he would have to leave school and start work, but the headmaster pleaded with us to let him remain, saying he had exceptional ability and was one of his best pupils. So, though it meant a considerable sacrifice, we agreed to let him stay.

This year he passed the matriculation examination with honours. Now he has got it into his head that he wants to become a doctor, and though we have tried to make him see how impossible it is, he is as obstinate as a mule.

Whatever we say it does not seem to have the slightest effect upon him. We don't know what it would cost, but it must be very expensive, and we haven't the money to pay for it. Besides, we already feel we have done more for this one than we can possibly do for the others, and it doesn't seem fair to them.

Could you kindly advise us what we ought to do?

"HUMANIST" says: I congratulate you on having such a promising lad. Whatever you do, don't curb his ambition. Financially, it need not cost you a single penny. There are open scholarships offered to-day which can take him right through the medical curriculum.

A boy who can matriculate with honours with the few advantages he has had will assuredly win his way through. As for your other children, their inclinations may lie in different directions. It is not favouritism to further a boy's natural desires.

Send your Human Document to "Humanist," JOHN BULL, with a stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. will be paid.

PHILIP INMAN'S INVITATION

NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO! Your friends have wished you a happy New Year. I would add my greetings to theirs.

But let us be frank with ourselves. Life is not too easy for many folk in these days. My short experience as "Humanist" has taught me that.

Already an avalanche of letters has descended upon me. They have told me of difficulty, of depression and of tragedy. And in attempting to solve their problems I have given of my best. That is my promise for the future.

For years my life has been spent amongst those who are "up against it." They have come to me with their problems. And I know it has done them good to unburden their souls to somebody who understands. What I have been able to do for them I want to do for you.

But let us be honest with each other. These are the principles upon which I intend to work. If I think you are in the wrong, I shall not hesitate to tell you so. If you have played the fool, I shall not be sparing in my castigations. But there will be no maliciousness, no cynicism in what I have to say.

Here, then, is my invitation. If you are in doubt or in difficulty, I want you to write and tell me so. You may reach a cross-road when you don't know which way to turn. There may be a cloud over your home life. Your business concerns may be topsy-turvy.

Your children may be causing you anxiety. Well—let's talk it over together. If you expressly ask that your letter be treated in confidence, your trust will not be abused. On the other hand, if your problem is of general interest, let other people benefit by your experience.

But here are some "don'ts" I want you to bear in mind.

Don't write and ask me to lend you money. I am neither a Rothschild nor a Rockefeller, and with all the good will in the world I shall have to say you nay.

Don't trouble me with trifles. I don't know what kind of shampoo you should use, or which horse is going to win the Derby.

Don't exhaust my patience by writing reams. Make your letter brief and to the point. Remember there are other problems besides yours.

These three "don'ts" sum up all my prohibitions.

I have great hopes for this page. I want it to be the most inspiring and helpful in modern journalism. With the co-operation of you, my readers, I can make it so.

"The Greatest of These —" Fund

Many Hearts Made Glad

WE wish to express our deepest gratitude to the army of subscribers to "The Greatest of These —" Fund who gave their help so unstintedly to their poorer brothers and sisters this Christmas.

Many a poor little girl held in her arms an enchanting unbreakable doll, called "Honey," "Daisy" or "Colleen," and dressed in the latest fashion. Little boys gazed fondly at a funny "Flip the Frog," a "Punch," or a "Cheerful Desmond," or romped with almost-real dogs, cows and policemen. Babies hugged woolly lambs and bonnie bunnies; children of all ages were absorbed in a thrilling story book.

All these gifts were sent to the Fund's offices by Messrs. Dean and Son, and were all passed on to the kiddies in time for Christmas.

And many tables in poor rooms were decorated with cheerful crackers containing exciting novelties or brightly coloured caps. This was the kindly thought of Messrs. Tom Smith, the famous manufacturers, who sent a consignment of their choicest crackers.

Many families sat down to a dinner on Christmas Day who would otherwise have gone without—the splendid help of the Fund's subscribers was responsible.

* * *

"The money received," writes a recipient, "has bought coals and good food—also our things are now out of pawn. It has helped us to smile where tears had been."

And a mother wrote: "You can believe me when I tell you that I feel extraordinarily light-hearted, as if I had been lifted right out of some unknown depths to the light again."

That many a man, woman and child can face the New Year better clad is again due to the Fund's friends, who sent useful parcels of clothing.

* * *

So we thank very warmly all the Fund's friends who dived down the Fund's chimney to help with subscriptions and gifts to fill the Christmas stockings, and we look to them with a good confidence to help us to carry on in 1932.

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at the JOHN BULL office, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

We acknowledge with thanks these anonymous gifts: "Carpenter" (Seven Kings), 19s. 7d.; Bulleteer, 10s.; Anon, Doncaster, a golden sovereign.

FAMOUS PRESCRIPTIONS that RELIEVE SUFFERING PROMOTE HEALTH and SAVE YOU DOCTORS' BILLS

Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

By Wm. Shadforth, Ph.C., *Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health," Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.*

SCORES of thousands owe their health, strength and freedom from pain to my famous Prescriptions. Every sufferer, no matter where he or she lives, can obtain any one of them direct from my own Pharmaceutical Laboratory or from any chemist at a price they can afford.

I commenced dispensing medicines in 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more than any other man living. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions are prescribed by the world's best doctors. As a large buyer of drugs, of which the cost is very high, I am able to serve you economically and dispense medicines at low prices. All the ingredients used are of the utmost purity and efficacy; each one is prepared according to a proved and tested formula.

FREE

with every Order

and for a limited period only,

Mr. Shadforth's Book, "The Wealth of Health,"

Published at 2/6.

Containing 330 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of prescriptions written in plain English.

A Book everyone ought to possess.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

John Bull. Book No. A.9. *Jan. 2, 1932*

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF.

HEART DISEASE IS RARE: don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. It is not indigestion, it is overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632)** known as "Blue Lion," (Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up the stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

CAUSES ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS AND STRAINS THE HEART.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary, and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1,108/T.)** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

NEURASTHENIA

AND NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

You can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. The **Shadforth Neurasthenia Prescription (No. 470)** acts like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), and 17/- (300 tablets). This can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on. (See above).

SLIMMING

THE SHADFORTH DOUBLE DUPLEX TREATMENT (No. 575/DD).

COMPRISES:

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals. (Price 2/6 and 4/6 per box.)

(2) Marienbad Salts, to be taken in the morning and before meals. (Price 1/6 and 3/- per package).

(3) A special Fat Reducing Massage Cream. (Price 2/6 and 4/6 per jar).

(4) A Special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin. (Price 1/3 per tablet).

This simultaneous fourfold attack is remarkably successful. The complete fourfold treatment, with directions, costs 7/6 (2 weeks' treatment), and 14/6 (4 weeks' treatment). Each item is supplied separately if desired.

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

The Shadforth "Successful" Triplex or Threefold CATARRH TREATMENT

(Prescription No. 331 T) for

Cold in the Nose and Head, Catarrh, Influenza, Deadly Acute Nasal Catarrh.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fulness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

NASAL CATARRH is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES. The "Shadforth" Triplex Treatment will undoubtedly give prompt relief and lead to a permanent cure.

This complete Triplex Treatment is supplied in containers at

2/9 and 4/6

Considering its efficacy, and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small in comparison.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ free by the timely and regular use of this treatment, and dwell long in the land of the living.

I EAT WHAT I LIKE

Thanks to "White Lions"

INDIGESTION, GASTRITIS, ACIDITY, and AGONY AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions."

Price 1/4 (72 Lions), 2/6 (144 Lions), 7/- (432 Lions) with Directions

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

(Prescription 565K)

A Spoonful a Day keeps the Doctor away.

The Best Saline for Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, etc. For Sparkling Eyes. 7½ (1-lb.), 1/1 (1½-lb.), 2/- (1-lb.) post free. In airtight canisters.

IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS ARE PRESCRIBED BY THE WORLD'S BEST DOCTORS.

Keep them in YOUR Medicine Chest.

'BRAIN SPARKLERS'

A Medicine for the Mind.

The wonderful Brain Tonic Tablets. Make you brighter an hour and a new man in two days. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50) & 6/- (100).

BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, GOUT & GRAVEL

For backache nothing is better than this tablet, composed of Potas. Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the Bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 40).** Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 tablets).

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry, Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

SCIATICA, NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-Sheath Inflammation.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro,"** the new pain-killer **(No. 283).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature and kills bacteria. Prices: 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

THE YOUNG FOLKS TONIC

Neverill—Vi'amin—Sunshine.

This is a scientific substitute for sunshine which doctors prescribe for anæmia, St. Vitus' Dance, weakness, malnutrition, rickets and threatened tuberculosis

This prescription contains Vitamins (chlorophyll, yeast, bone marrow, etc.) and provides just that addition to diet which makes all the difference between health and disease. The chlorophyll (termed "bottled sunshine") makes red blood corpuscles.

(Prescription 1063.) Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 32)** in boxes at 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills).

CONSTIPATION

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

You can obtain these prescriptions privately packed post free by return post at the prices named (abroad extra) from:

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LIMITED,

Dept. (J.B. 36), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Lewis & Burrows, Co-operative Societies, and all the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return post from Shadforth's.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT: "The Secret I can Now Reveal"

The Skeletons Come out of the CUPBOARD

THE man I married deliberately killed his mother.

She had been lying on a bed of pain for years. An eminent doctor had pronounced sentence of death, but had said that she might linger for many months.

My sweetheart was driven nearly insane by the knowledge that his mother was never free from excruciating pain, and one night, while giving her a sleeping draught, he deliberately administered an excessive dose and killed her.

My disclosure can do no harm now to him who was one of the kindliest of men.—*Widow, Dumbartonshire.*

The Changelings

Forty years ago I was in charge of a maternity ward where two patients gave birth to male children within the same hour. Months afterwards a "junior" confessed that, owing to her carelessness, the babies had been changed.

It was then too late to rectify matters and fear of consequences compelled silence. Some years later the supposed parents of one of the changelings inherited a large fortune and the boy grew up a waster. The other boy became a brilliant writer.

Neither married, both fell in the Great War, and all the other actors in the drama are now dead.—*Kismet, London.*

Conscience Money

My mother used to send me as a nipper to a grocer whose short-sightedness enabled me to take quite a lot of the jelly squares he placed on the edge of the counter.

He never found out, nor does he know who sent him, many years after, a letter containing five £1 notes as payment with interest.

Incidentally, in my own shop, I do not place goods to tempt youngsters.—*J. J. S., Gateshead.*

Sacrifice

At the factory they dub me an old maid, and say: "No man ever kissed Liz."

They don't know that a fortnight before I was to be married I learned that my father died in a strait-jacket, and that my grandfather also spent some time in the asylum.

At sixty, I can see that I did right in handing back the ring. The risk was too great, though I should have been very happy.—*H. L. R., Sunderland.*

Duped his Sister

I stood outside a large railway station, hungry, miserable and unshaven. The train arrived, and among its passengers I noticed a nurse carrying a heavy portmanteau.

I went up to her and politely asked, "Carry your case, please, nurse?"

When we arrived at her hospital door, she gave me half a crown, which enabled me to have a "tidy up," a meal, and a bed for the night.

When she reads this she will know it was *her own brother* who carried her case that night.—*Gestiana, Caernarvon.*

His Secret Fear

I have often wondered what my comrades in France really thought. It was always said of me, "Billie's all right. He doesn't mind being up in the trenches; he seems to enjoy the open air."

It was the secret fear of being buried alive in the dug-out that kept me up. I would never go down if I could possibly help it.

I wonder, would they have thought me a coward if they had only known the truth?—*Dug-out, Chelmsford.*

He Acted Double

One night, five years ago, my brother, who was a car conductor, took an overdose of alcohol. He had been warned that dismissal awaited him should he again be found in that condition.

We were twins, and our closest friends could not tell one from another. Fearful that he would lose his job, I donned his uniform, although I knew nothing about his duties, and for two days I performed his work.

His employers never suspected me, and the ruse was never discovered. My brother was so grateful that he has never since touched drink.—*Amateur, Glasgow.*

All's Well—

Her name came through in a soldier's parcel. For deviltment, I wrote her the first of what developed into a continual stream of impassioned missives. She sent several photos, asking for mine in return. I sent one—of a pal generally termed "soft."

Eventually I proposed and was accepted. The following year we were "demobbed," and on the journey home I told him all.

He saw her, explaining he'd used an assumed name with the connivance of the postal orderly.

Even now I wonder if she believed my weak excuse for not signing the register—his best man!—*C. H. A., Welwyn.*

"Buried" Alive

After years of incessant toil I built up a prosperous business, and took a plunge into matrimony, thereby finding a sea of trouble.

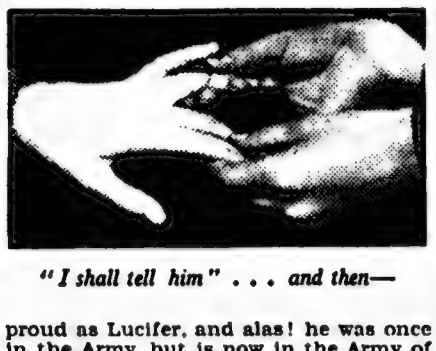
My wife proved to be a heartless virago, and life became so intolerable that I determined to "disappear." The Great War came. I enlisted, and within six months I was in France.

I chummed up with a friendless man in my platoon who resembled me.

During a German offensive the battalion was overwhelmed, my chum was killed and I fell wounded. Effecting a rapid exchange of identity discs, I was officially "buried," and—my wife died the same day.—*Jekyll, Ringwood.*

A Woman's Privilege

For years I have wanted to tell him, but the book of etiquette says "No." I know he will never tell me, for he is as



"I shall tell him" . . . and then—

proud as Lucifer, and alas! he was once in the Army, but is now in the Army of Unemployed.

He does not think *himself* enough to offer, and I have not dared to tell him that he, himself, is more to me than gold.

But in *this*, the year we call Leap, I shall dare to reveal my secret. I shall tell him that I love him and want him for my hubby.—*L. G. A., Newcastle.*

Loom of the Law

Although I was not in the least ashamed of my late "profession," I steadfastly misled my girl about it when I was courting.

I knew the girl was all right, but I did not want any interference from her parents or brothers, and I knew that one whisper of my profession would "put the bar up" against me.

Anyway, now it is different; I am a respectable grocer. But I used to be (under cover) the local street bookmaker. My present father-in-law and brothers-in-law are policemen.—*G. C., Birmingham.*

The Church-goer

The minister of the church commended me because of my regular attendance at every service and week-day meeting, and I wore a mantle of piety I did not wholly deserve.

But the cleric and members did not know that my zeal was secondary to necessity; that the warmth of the church attracted me—because I could not afford to purchase a bucket of coal nor satisfy the insistent appetite of the slot meter in my almost bare pantry.—*F. C., Nottingham.*

Kind Deception

When my employer, owing to bad trade, said I was to finish, I decided that mother must not know. She is not strong at seventy-one, and I had nearly a hundred Savings Certificates.

So every Saturday I put the amount of my wages on the dinner-table, and every day I walked my shoes off searching for a position.

Now I am back again in my previous job, though my certificates have dwindled to forty.—*A. W., Daybrook.*

• • •

Whispers

A relative left my son £150 five years ago, to be kept secret until this year. My son is unemployed, but at last I can reveal this happy secret to him.—*J. B., St. Helens.*

My father was the last of a line of baronets who, with Clive, won India. But I was born out of wedlock, so all my advantages have become disadvantages.—*A. E. C., Brockley.*

I had been seen visiting a house in an unsavoury alley. She was a "lost" sister, and I made her last hours easier. Later, they said, winking, "He's a good lad now"—I always was!—*R. W., Nottingham.*

Once the chapel meeting was broken up by a violent outbreak of sneezes. I can now admit that it was I who put the pepper in the pews.—*Kipper, Portchester.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 5.

The Chance I Missed

Football Matches played on January 2

OUR EXPERT SELECTS—

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) LIVERPOOL v. Newcastle.
(2) W.B. ALBION v. Arsenal.
(3) Birmingham v. EVERTON.
(4) Chelsea v. Middlesbrough.
**(5) DERBY v. Blackpool.
(6) Grimsby v. HUDDERSFIELD.
(7) Leicester v. VILLA.
(8) PORTSMOUTH v. Sheffield U.
*(9) WEDNESDAY v. Blackburn.
(10) Sunderland v. Manchester C.
(11) WEST HAM v. Bolton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Manchester U. v. BRADFORD.
(2) PRESTON v. Oldham.
(3) BRADFORD C. v. Barnsley.
(4) Burnley v. Southampton.
*(5) BURY v. Bristol City.
(6) Chesterfield v. Stoke.
**(7) LEEDS v. Swansea.
(8) MILLWALL v. Notts Co.
(9) FOREST v. Charlton.
(10) Port Vale v. Plymouth.
(11) Hotspur v. WOLVERHAMPTON.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Q.P. RANGERS v. Brentford.
(2) Coventry v. Fulham.
(3) BRISTOL R. v. Boscombe.
*(4) CARDIFF v. Northampton.
(5) Orient v. WATFORD.
**(6) EXETER v. Thames.
(7) Gillingham v. Southend.
*(8) LUTON v. Reading.
(9) NORWICH v. Brighton.
(10) SWINDON v. Mansfield.
(11) Torquay v. C. PALACE.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) GATESHEAD v. N. Brighton.
(2) STOCKPORT v. Doncaster.
*(3) ACCRINGTON v. Rochdale.
(4) Carlisle v. Hartlepools.
(5) Darlington v. LINCOLN CITY.
(6) Halifax v. Hull.
(7) Rotherham v. SOUTHPORT.
(8) TRANMERE v. York.
(9) Walsall v. BARROW.
(10) Wrexham v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HAMILTON v. Airdrie.
(2) RANGERS v. Partick.
**(3) ABERDEEN v. Hearts.
(4) Clyde v. Third Lanark.
(5) Dundee United v. Dundee.
(6) Falkirk v. MOTHERWELL.
**(7) KILMARNOCK v. Ayr.
(8) Leith v. COWDENBEATH.
(9) Morton v. ST. MIRREN.
(10) Queen's Park v. CELTIC.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.*

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5 (*H*); Div. II.—7 (*H*); Southern Section—6 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*H*); Scottish League—7 (*H*) would indicate Derby County, Leeds, Exeter, Gateshead and Kilmarnock.

THE BIG TWO

Wish all their Clients Jolly Good Luck and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THEIR POLICY
—a Square Deal,
Courteous and Confidential Treatment, and immediate payment of Winnings, has resulted in a considerable expansion of their business, and they take this opportunity to thank all Clients who have kindly introduced friends.

In connection with Racing under

NATIONAL HUNT RULES

they offer the same generous terms as for the Flat.

THE FAMOUS "CHALLENGER"

FIXED PRICE and LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR

FOOTBALL LISTS

offer the widest scope for selection, and the most generous odds are given.

Start the New Year well by becoming a satisfied client of

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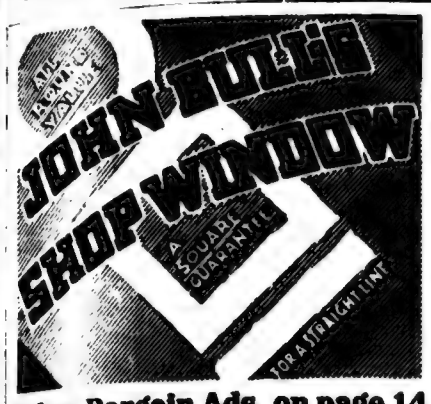


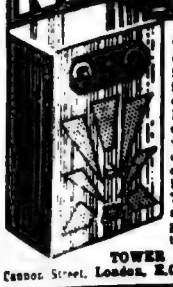
Other Bargain Ads. on page 14

NEW YEAR OPPORTUNITIES 1932 for CLUB ORGANISERS AND SPARE TIME AGENTS

EVERY PROPOSITION INVESTIGATED by JOHN BULL

FOSTER TRADE & BENIFIT YOURSELF

NOW THE NEW-THREE ONLY £5 10



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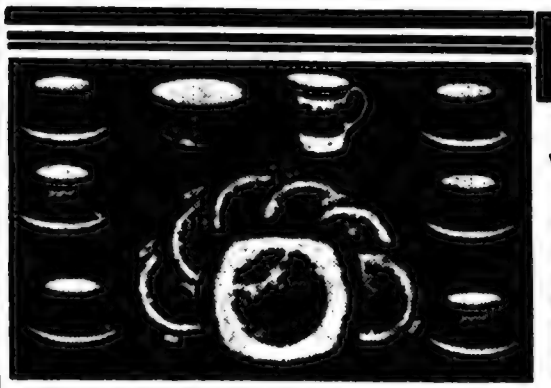
TOWER ROYAL RADIO CO., Tower Royal, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. *Trade Enquiries Invited.*



FREE

1,000 WILLOW PATTERN TEA SERVICES

We give this handsome Tea Set as an extra reward **to every agent who starts this month.** Join NOW and obtain this gift in addition to the liberal Cash commissions and expenses.

SAVE MONEY
FOR YOUR FRIENDS

They will welcome the opportunity to get Furniture, Drapery, Clothing, Silverware, etc., at Factory prices. Gather them together in a Community Club. For less than 2d. a day they can buy anything.

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FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY

Send for the handsome illustrated Community Catalogue FREE. See the amazing values. Even if you don't form a club, you will want one of our Factory bargains for your own Home.

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING AT GREAT SAVINGS.

Send P.C. or letter to our Factory:

DYSON & HORSFALL LTD.

"John Bull" Department,
AQUEDUCT MILLS, PRESTON.

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Club members have over 700 attractive articles to select from. Our vast experience spells your success. Write now for superb Art Catalogues, lavishly illustrated, and full particulars.

SAMUEL DRIVER Ltd.
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£2 CASH BONUS

And 13/4 in every £1 profit. All the year round. Demonstrating a 1/6 line that costs 6d. only. Can be sold like wildfire by Either Sex Anywhere. Write NOW for FREE SAMPLE to:—

A. SWAFFER & CO., QUAKER FRIARS, BRISTOL.

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¶ Commence the New Year Well by Starting a Club for one of these firms. Mention JOHN BULL when writing for particulars.

PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

RESIST WATER AND KEEP YOUR SHOES IN GOOD SHAPE.

Longer Wear— Greater Comfort

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn CVS.12

THIS NEW HANDY CLOTHES AIRER ONLY 2/3 NET

No more clothes horse. Just roll out a wonderful New AIREEZI on to mantelpiece and air all the washing in comfort. Can't fall off even when fully loaded. Rolls away in small space when not in use. No ropes, screws, wires, clamps, or pulleys or other moving parts. Nothing to go wrong or stain or tear clothes. 36in. long, 3 rails. Also special size making 6 rail Airer, 2/- extra.

The only 3 BAR All wood AIRER

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Men and Women Wanted in every town to form 1/- Weekly Clubs for our wonderful goods. Thousands of marvellous Bargains to select from in Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furs, Jewellery, Household Goods, etc., etc., from 5/- upwards. A few illustrations taken at random from our 10/-, 20/- and 40/- Bargain Catalogues are shown herewith.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—To all prospective Club Agents, also Agents of other Clubs: **IT WILL PAY YOU** to become an organiser for the National Benefit Stores, as you will not only EARN MONEY FOR YOURSELF, but you will find it much easier to get members to join our Clubs, as we provide **better value** than any other firm in the country. Thousands of letters of appreciation received by us every week from our delighted customers. Do not delay, and miss this golden opportunity, but join at once the thousands of our well-satisfied agents who are now earning big money through the medium of our popular clubs. Send P.C. **now** for Catalogues and particulars of how to easily earn

Pair of All Pure Wool Blankets, only 10/- the pair.

Reclining Arm Chair, with two Velvet Cushions, only 10/-

£6 COMMISSION

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES LTD. (Dept. J.B.), POLLARD ST., ANCOATS, MANCHESTER.

Full Panel Oak Bed, complete with Wire Mattress, 29/-

Solid Oak Full-Size Sideboard, with Mirror, 40/-

Real Leather Coat, all Sizes. 40/-

"The Motto of to-day is to work for the Firm THAT GIVES THE BEST PAY."

TWO CUPS OF RICH COCOA FOR 1d.

Have you tried "OXADE" COCOA TABLETS? If not, a delight awaits you. Flavoured ready for use—no sugar or milk required, each tablet makes a full cup of rich, nourishing Cocoa. Two tablets are provided in each 1d. packet, obtainable at all grocers, stores, etc. A packet of "OXADE" COCOA can be conveniently carried in the pocket, and used in the office, the factory, out of doors, or any place where hot water is available. "OXADE" COCOA contains the nourishing food-substances which make Cocoa such a popular beverage. Buy a packet to-day!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

£800 And Hampers Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 145.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—

O. AINLEY, 112, Moor End Road, Lockwood, Huddersfield,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive the £750 offered.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 12th, 1932, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 17 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 18s. 10d.:—

Davies, Mrs. N., 95, Lower Oldfield Park, Bath; Fitchett, Mrs., 2, Mirfield Rd., Grimsby; Gerrard, Mrs. V., 8, Lytham Rd., Fulwood, Preston, Lancs; Gibson, J., Traveller's Rest, Cramlington, Northumberland; Goodall, R., 32, Crescent Grove, S.W.4; Green, Mrs., 43, Shirland Rd., Paddington, W.9; Halcrow, H., 19, Thorpe St., Easington Colliery, Durham; Herdman, H., Simonburn, Northumberland; Knight, Mrs., 89, Southfields Terr., Pwllheli, Derbys; Little, Miss D., 26, Thomson St., Carlisle; O'Neill, Mrs. T., Clonlara House, Swinford, Co. Mayo; Ritson, T. F., Colliery House, Nuigrore, St. Helens, Lancs; Robertshaw, R. C., 68, Carlisle Place, Bradford; Robinson, R., 223, Merrivale St. West, Wolverhampton; Skilton, Miss D. M., Barton-on-the-Heath, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.; Snashall, C., 48, Brabon Rd., E. Croydon, Surrey; Ward, J., 20, Waller's Row, Faversham.

In addition to the above cash awards, the winner of £750 and each of the 17 who share £50 will receive during the week ending January 16th, 1932, an extra Award of a New Year Hamper.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of £750 and £50 to be divided between the runners-up appears on Page 32. In addition to these prizes every cash winner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a free weekly Sixpenny entry for six months. Try Your Skill Now!

Mrs. Towse, 24, Middle Walk, Northstead, Scarborough writes: "Having suffered for years from a **Weak Stomach**, I was never free from pain except when lying down. I used to dread going out, and was for over two years always ill—on and off. We read about Vitadatio, and of the good it had done, and my husband got me a bottle. Having taken about eight bottles, I am now a different person; life is worth living, and I am free from pain."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V164.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

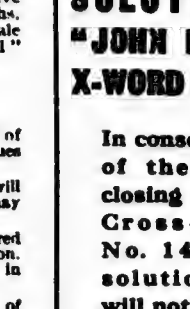
'JOHN BULL'S' BIG X-WORD

£750

£50 for RUNNERS UP

& UNLIMITED NEW PRIZES

Extra Awards!
EVERY PRIZE-WINNER THIS WEEK, WILL ALSO SECURE A FREE X-WORD ENTRY FOR 26 WEEKS



THIS week "John Bull" is offering a big cash First, and unlimited other prizes of a novel kind, in his Cross-word Competition—£750 which MUST BE WON, £50 to be divided between the runners-up, and an EXTRA AWARD of a FREE SIXPENNY WEEKLY ENTRY for six months to every prize-winner. Start filling in the little squares NOW, and a big cheque may be your reward for a few minutes' thought.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £750 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every cash prize winner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a free 6d. entry weekly for 6 months. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 14th, 1932, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 21st, 1932.

Winners in X-Word No. 145 appear on this page.

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD No. 146

In consequence of the later closing date of Cross-Word No. 146, the solution will will not appear until next week's issue on sale Thursday, Jan. 7th, 1932.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, January 7th, 1933.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares.) squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, January 21st, 1933.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £750 prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, February 2nd, 1933,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

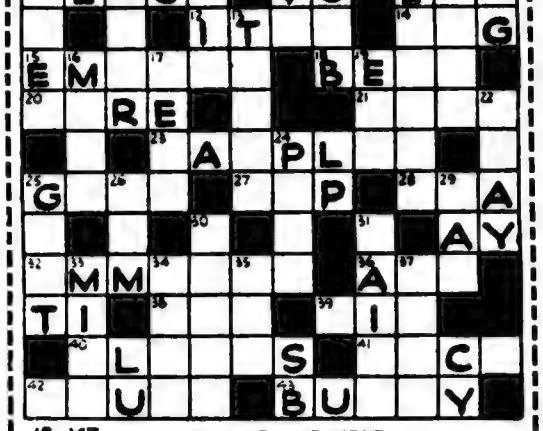
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible.

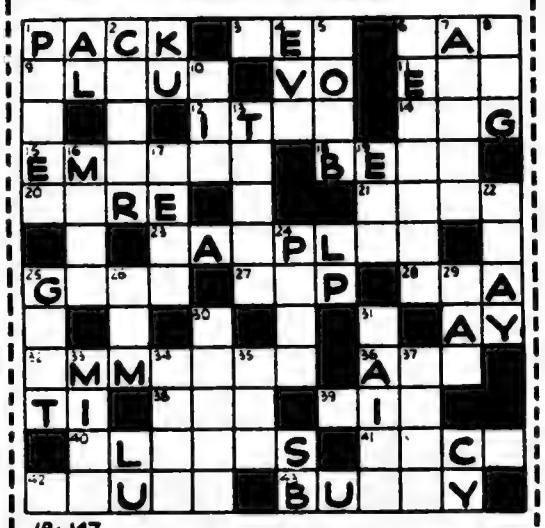
No Claims required.

ENTRY FEE. **With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING.** **See Rule 1.**

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 147



JB·147 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·147

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Jan. 7, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

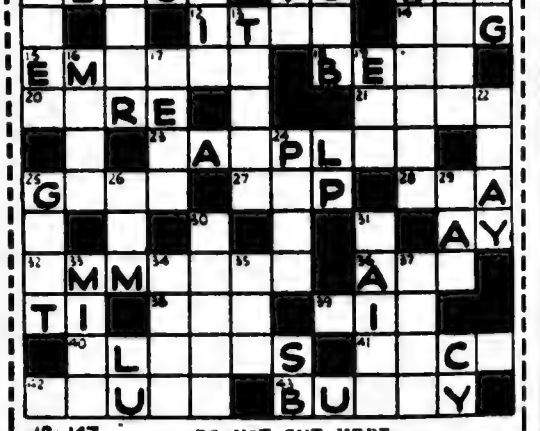
1. 52 playing-cards.
3. Capture.
6. It exerts power.
9. Not silently.
11. Crossword compiler's pet bird.
12. Separate article.
14. You put one on the fire.
15. Issue forth.
18. Past tense of "be."
20. Painful.
21. Undergraduates' amusement.
23. Salesman shows to shop-keeper.
25. Troublesome insect.
27. Undermine.
28. An age.
32. Dip into water.
36. Serpent.
38. By way of.
39. Match.
40. Ivy does, to wall.
41. Sometimes comes angler's way.
42. Stop.
43. Guardsman's head-gear.

CLUES DOWN.

1. These sometimes get broken in a riot.
2. Hide.
4. Night before.
5. Dead are buried in.
6. Set free.
7. "Honour ——— thieves."
8. Gets filled in pub.
10. Use a spade.
13. Football managers arrange these.
16. Adds atmosphere to ghost story.
17. Repose.
19. Before.
22. May endanger trapeze artist's safety.
24. You turn this quickly when reading thriller.
25. Affects your progress
26. Must be steady when shooting.
29. A knock.
30. Start of downward path.
31. These often need trimming.
33. Is used in place of glass.
34. Wrong.
35. Hang loosely.
37. End of a cigar.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 147



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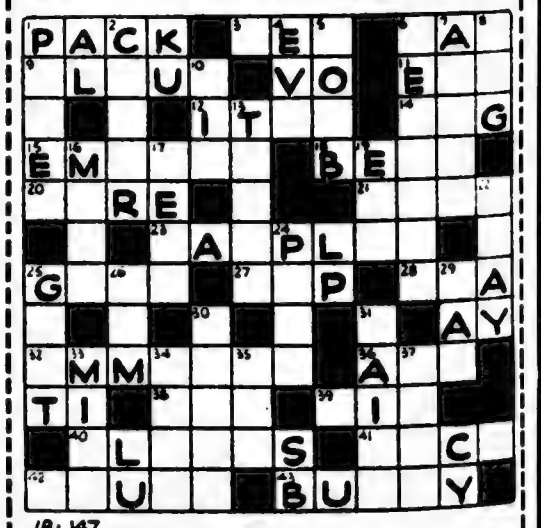


JB·147

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Jan. 7, 1932

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 147), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

The Editor REPLIES

Boxer (Hampstead).—"I was carried shoulder high from the ring after my last fight." Like this?

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

FAN (Liverpool).—"The supporters all think our centre-forward very live." He must be a dead shot.

C. B. (Saltcoats).—"We are living in a world of change." But the trouble is how to get hold of any of it.

DOCTOR (Glasgow).—"Motoring never yet gave a man exercise." Unless, of course, he was a pedestrian.

A. F. (Luton).—"The talkies will never kill the theatre." But unfortunately they often murder the play.

W. D. (Salford).—"Most street-corner orators look like scarecrows." That's a nasty one for the scarecrows.

J. M. (Hull).—"The telephone is almost unknown in Montenegro." The country has many other attractions, too.

B. H. (Acton).—"I always insist upon my maid polishing floors and furniture until I can see my face in them." Why?

J. H. (Macclesfield).—"After being apprenticed as an architect my boy now wants to go on the stage." So that he may draw better houses?

P. D. (Sudbury Town).—"What do you think of the international situation?" It is far less complicated than the official diplomatic explanation of it.

C. M. (Dover).—"The inhabitants of a group of South Sea islands are agitating for a broadcasting corporation." They can have ours.

R. M. B. (Sutton).—"A London dress expert claims to have purchased the brightest tie on record." We thought our wife had.

G. A. (York).—"What is the latest thing out in London this New Year?" Not infrequently we fear it is the daughter of the house.

MRS. W. (West Bromwich).—"Do you consider it a good idea for a mother to kiss her children good-night?" If she doesn't mind waiting up for them.

INTERIOR DECORATOR (London, N.).—"Ornaments in houses should be abolished as soon as possible." Our domestic help is doing her best.

DOCTOR (Hampstead).—"There is one thing the average man always forgets when running for a train." In which pocket he put his season ticket.

MISS L. (Dundee).—"A Hollywood film actress recently told an interviewer that 'she could not say whether she was married or not.'" This just shows the advantage of keeping a diary.

A. M. C. (London, W.).—"An M.P. says that he always has a very light meal before going to the House." He knows, of course, that it is unwise to eat much just before going to sleep.

D. K. (Birmingham).—"A baby gave the alarm when a Birmingham house was broken into by burglars recently." Why not instal one of these handy little gadgets in *your* home?—(Advt.)

T. S. (Portobello).—"A brewer's son has invented a parlour-game for adults which calls for much running about." No doubt it will do his father's business quite a lot of good.

D. T. S. (Manchester).—"An explorer is said to have saved himself from cannibals by singing a song in Welsh." The cannibals no doubt felt that a man who could do that wouldn't be good to eat.

E. T. (Falmouth).—"We must make allowances for youth." In the certainty that they will spend them.

C. D. (Elland).—"The modern novel is soon forgotten." Especially when lent to a friend.

J. M. A. (Liverpool).—"Marriage is a lottery where human clay is moulded." And made into family jars!

G. M. (London, W.).—"More than once he has helped to put me on my feet again." Yes, some skating instructors are most obliging.

H. M. (Diss).—"I hate to see money wasted on rubbish." So that is why we had to pay threepence surcharge on your letter?

S. N. (Slough).—"Some men are able to distinguish colour by touch." Certainly many men know when they feel blue.

G. W. (Reigate).—"I found I had just missed the first train by ten seconds." And then, no doubt, you started to express yourself.

P. S. (Walton-on-Thames).—"I claim to be able to tell fortunes accurately." Why not offer your services to the income-tax collectors?

F. B. (Leeds).—"Some old men to-day can hold their business positions better than young ones." Especially when they happen to own the business.

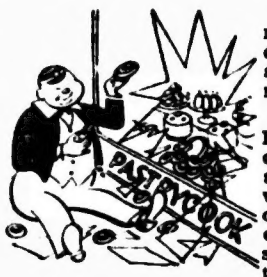
H. T. (Selby).—"Is there anyone to-day who does not listen to the talkies?" Judging from what he says, the man who boosts them in his ads never does.

J. S. (St. Albans).—"After her passionate outburst she began to throw my past in my face." From hysterics to historics.

C. J. (Hammersmith).—"I am a summer girl, always restless as soon as cold weather sets in." Why not try wearing silk instead of those new winter woollies.

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelope "Slip."



DAILY DISPATCH:—"A daring smash-and-GRUB raid."

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"All accidents whether sprains or misplaced CARTRIDGES successfully treated."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"Four foreign Press correspondents had the thrill of their LIES to-day."

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"It is believed the outbreak was due to a PARK igniting the roof."

BIRMINGHAM WEEKLY POST:—"The lad knew that a fast train was due round the BEND in a few minutes."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"If you are sending the POOL a donation, be as generous as you can."

POPPY'S PAPER:—"Her eyes were like the stars above them as SHE kissed her LIDS."

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST:—"She was pretty enough with her short chestnut curls, her tip-tilted merry brown EYES."

MAGNET:—"A finger and thumb closed like a VOICE on Bunter's fat ear."

H. W. (Hull).—"There are nearly 1,000,000 cats in London alone." They don't sound alone.

D. M. T. (West Ham).—"I was soon dismissed from my job, but I am sure I did nothing wrong." Nor right, perhaps.

W. N. (Berwick).—"I am very hardy, and never wear underclothing." Foolhardy.

CONSTANT READER (Sutton).—"JOHN BULL always casts a spell over me when I read it." We're charmed!

M. W. D. (Staines).—"I got such a fright on my wedding day." And have you still got her?

F. C. (Newcastle).—"Everyone is hoping for better times in 1932." New yearnings.

D. M. C. (Watford).—"The simplest fool can drive my car." Doubtless you have been compelled to realise this.

MISS Y. (Preston).—"What do you advise me to go to a fancy-dress ball in?" A taxi.

O. B. (Hampstead).—"Do you think I look my age?" No, we think you overlook it.

G. B. (Hounslow).—"I had my car stolen twice in one day and on each occasion the police returned it." Bad luck.

MRS. N. (Cheam).—"What is the easiest way to break a coconut?" Just give it to the maid.

T. M. (Portobello).—"The old highway robber had his problems." Plenty of hard nuts to crack, undoubtedly.

MANUFACTURER (Northampton).—"The shortage of lizard skins now constitutes a problem." Obviously, for lizards.

P. H. (Dalston).—"And some of the firemen unfortunately fell through the windows." Taking panes with their work.

HENPECKED (Staines).—"Every husband's New Year resolution should be to fight for domestic supremacy." That's not a resolution, it's a revolution.

S. B. (Grays).—"The B.B.C. has agreed to broadcast many of the leading athletic meetings next season." Running commentaries, no doubt.

MRS. T. (Coventry).—"Those gold streaks in coal are not really gold, are they?" No; despite the price they charge for it.

DEALER (Edinburgh).—"While looking through an old cabinet I came across £50 in sovereigns." That's the luck of the drawer.

C. S. (Nottingham).—"Excavations in the bed of the Trent have revealed traces of mammoth." Digging up the past again.

W. F. (London, N.W.).—"Nearly fifty thousand people leave Golders Green Station every day." We don't see what else they could do with it.

D. Y. (Cardiff).—"Is there any truth in the statement that the end of the world is near?" Well, it's nearer than it has ever been before.

G. L. D. (Watford).—"What's the good of hoping for a prosperous New Year? We must *work* for it." Yes, even if it's only for half-an-hour with the *Bullets* page. £500 and a New Year Pension will be somebody's reward.

G. L. (Nelson).—"Modern girls do not care very much whether the man they marry is educated or not." No, they just want the man and they do the educating.

F. R. (Blackburn).—"Motor-cars are now being fitted with gramophones and wireless sets." That isn't the way to make motoring popular.

T. M. B. (London, W.).—"Some of our very modern poets are spoiling for a brush with the Poet Laureate." Most, however, are simply spoiling for a brush.

BEAUTY EXPERT (London, N.W.).—"To obtain rosy, healthful cheeks, you must pinch them." Yes, but won't the owner object?

ROBT. J. (Alfreton).—"A married man should bear in mind that there are two sides to every question." His wife's and the wrong one.

C. G. (Harrow).—"I have told my husband that if he does not give up smoking I shall leave him." You shouldn't encourage him like that.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Chest Coughs

HONEY SYRUP SUCCEEDS OVER SANATORIUM!

Patient's dramatic letter.

"Dear Sirs,

Having suffered with Chest Trouble for many years and also spent practically three months in twelve at —— and —— Sanatoria in the past six years, I thought it only right to let you know that having had various cough cures in the above establishments, *none* could compare with the immediate relief I get from your 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. Upon getting into bed, one dose enables me to sleep for several hours, whereas, I used to seldom sleep for more than half-an-hour at a time. If I wake after a few hours a small dose keeps me from coughing for the rest of the night.

Yours truly, C. Kingsley,
62, Cavendish Road, Harringay, N.4."

When breathing is 'shallow' and laboured and you are racked day and night by a cough which is wearing down your strength—just try a few doses of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. In it are combined the soothing, healing and germ-killing properties of squills, tolu, honey and pine. Thus it clears the bronchial tubes, stops the cough and frees the breathing before other remedies have begun to act. Get a 1/6 bottle of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup from your chemist to-day and prove this instant, soothing action for yourself.

John Peck and Co., Ltd., have been established in Liverpool for over 100 years, and have an unsurpassed reputation for quality and value. They only make overalls of which they are proud, and if you want real satisfaction you cannot obtain better.

The garment illustrated is the famous "Fitzgerald" Bib and Brace Overall, made in strong blue dungaree cloth.

Price 5/6

Wholesale only JOHN PECK & CO., Ltd., Pexwear Factory, Liverpool.

HOT BATHS FOR RHEUMATISM

It is a fact well known to the medical profession that in severely painful cases of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, backache, etc., a course of hot medicated baths at some good mineral spring can always be depended upon to produce quick results. I know from personal experience the good results produced by hot sulphur baths, alkaline and saline baths, mud baths and mineral springs of various kinds; but after trying most of the well-known resorts both here and on the Continent I found a treatment at home which proved even better and certainly more prompt and lasting in its effects, also far more convenient. Never before did I experience the inexpressibly gratifying relief which followed a hot bath in which I had dissolved a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' a compound which I obtained at trifling cost from my chemist. An occasional medicated and oxygenated bath thus produced has for nearly three years kept me entirely free of the constant gnawing, grinding, piercing pains, muscular soreness, and stiff joints which once made life utterly miserable for me.—C. H. N.

Pack Up Your Troubles —in JOHN BULL

In trouble?

Worried? Or just curious?

The remedy is simple —Write to "John Bull" about it!

GET the habit of writing to JOHN BULL about it!

An average of 150,000 people write to JOHN BULL yearly—3,000 every week. They do not want to air their opinions.

They write seeking the aid of the most comprehensive Free Advice Service in the world.

They need help, they are baffled by their problems, and so they turn to JOHN BULL as to an old friend of ripe experience and kindly wisdom.

Their letters are not easy ones to answer. Each one states a problem which its writer has given up as hopeless.

It is the business of the experts attached to this department of JOHN BULL to unravel them all, to return a carefully weighed reply to each. These experts are ready to place their knowledge at the disposal of the paper's readers.

Advice and information sought on every conceivable subject, excepting medical matters, from the most trivial to the most grave, is given free.

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B. (late Assistant Commissioner of Police), is the head of JOHN BULL'S Investigation Dept. In order to protect its readers and the public generally, JOHN BULL maintains this special department for the purpose of investigating cases where deception and fraud on the public are suspected or openly practised.

Working in close co-operation with the Editorial staff and the various other departments, JOHN BULL'S "C.I.D." is naturally in a remarkable position to obtain evidence of the existence of irregularities and of bringing those responsible to book.

EACH week reports of Sir Wyndham's investigations appear in the paper, but it must be realised that the matter thus published forms but a small part of the activities of his department. It is frequently impossible to make public the information collected, and other action is therefore taken.

Incidentally, Sir Wyndham Childs is an authority on matters pertaining to the Army, Navy and Royal Air Force; and enquiries respecting the fighting services are handled by him, though Pensions queries are dealt with separately by our Pensions expert.

JOHN BULL has not forgotten that thousands of ex-sailors and soldiers, their widows and dependents, are finding in peace a sterner battle, a fiercer struggle, than any they faced in the war. Our Pensions expert attends wholeheartedly to enquiries from these good people.

Acts and regulations which govern pensions are among the most complicated on the Statute Book. It is a fact that thousands of JOHN BULL readers would never have discovered that they were entitled to any allowance at all had they not sought the guidance of our Pensions Department.

IN hundreds of instances our Pensions expert has taken up the cases referred to him direct with the authorities. During the period January 1, 1927, to June 30, 1930, the minimum value of the awards and increases obtained by him was £12,916. Of this amount, £5,299 was paid over to readers in lump sums, and the rest represents the amount of pensions paid out annually to our readers.

1931 has been another successful year for this department. Large sums of money have been obtained as a result of its direct representations. Hundreds of cases which had been outstanding for months were settled immediately we complained to the authorities concerned. During the six years ended December, 1931, this department has dealt with over 53,000 enquiries.

And then there is "Humanist"—Mr. Philip Inman—that kindly, sympathetic personality who deals, with deep insight and human understanding, with the heart-searing difficulties that confront so many. That worry so long nursed secretly can be unburdened to him with the assurance that he will find a way to dispel it.

THE "Humanist" page in JOHN BULL is the most helpful in modern journalism. JOHN BULL is frequently consulted by correspondents on points of such delicacy that they could not discuss them with anyone else. All such correspondence is, of course, treated by "Humanist" as strictly confidential.

Financial, Legal, Income Tax and Literary experts are on the staff of this wonderful service to advise in their respective spheres. Full advantage should be taken of their knowledge.

Whatever your trouble in life, there is JOHN BULL to help you. Write to JOHN BULL about it! Merely enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

BENEFITS RENEWED FOR 1932

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 2/1/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 124, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out full the benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 2/1/32.

DON'T WRITE "BULLETS" IN THE DARK

Hundreds of people write their "Bullets" lines without the faintest idea of what makes a prize-winning line. Don't *you* be "in the dark." Turn on the arc lamps of knowledge before you send up again. Submit your next lines first to the Editor of

The WINNER

The Champion Competition Journal.

If you do this you will receive

A FREE EXPERT OPINION

and will at once learn what are your chances of success. "The Winner" is the ONLY competition newspaper which conducts A FREE ADVISORY SERVICE, which has been used by many, many FIRST PRIZE WINNERS in "BULLETS" and other contests. "The Winner" is easily the most reliable guide for Literary Competitors. Every issue contains:—

GOLDEN HINTS AND ADVICE FOR "BULLET" MAKERS—IDEAS TO WORK UPON—AND THOSE TO AVOID, ETC., ETC.

"The Winner" also provides SPECIAL COUPONS for you to enter "BULLETS." Every issue of this world-famous journal also contains:—

COMPLETE AND EXCLUSIVE SOLUTIONS FOR EVERY CURRENT CROSSWORD AND PICTURE PUZZLE.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been won by readers of "The Winner" which is now

CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED AND PRINTED ON WHITE PAPER.

You will quickly become a BIG PRIZEWINNER if you follow—

The WINNER

Don't confuse the title, but tell your Newsagent it MUST be "The Winner"——

ON SALE MONDAY EVERYWHERE 2D.

FIFTY-THREE CHEQUES for ONE NEW YEAR 'BULLET'
£500
and
£3 WEEKLY BONUS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR 1932
UNIQUE FIRST PRIZE
£50 OTHER PRIZES £25
10 of £6
10 of £3
50 of 10/- 500 of 2/6 10,000 'TARGETS'
This Week Only
CLOSING SATURDAY JANUARY 9

MESSAGE OF THE "JOHN BULL" BELLS

LISTEN! JOHN BULL'S bells are ringing out the news that 1932 can be a year of comfort and independence for you. Just for writing a few well-chosen words on one of the coupons on this page you can capture the unique First Prize of £500 and £3 a week throughout the New Year. Yes, for spending a quiet half-hour on *Bullets* this week, your reward may be this fine lump sum, followed by 52 substantial reminders of your success.

To make a *Bullet*, study the *Examples* below, and you will soon find yourself pausing at some thought or picture which one brings into your mind. However hazy the idea at first, jot it down. Now condense your rough idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS, aiming at unusual phrasing and a neat link with the *Example* chosen.

Here is an instance. Suppose you selected the *Example* TOUGH LUCK, by adding the words ONLY SHARPENS OPTIMIST'S TEETH a *Bullet* is completed.

The following efforts which recently received prizes show you the essentials of a good *Bullet*:—

WAVE OF OPTIMISM—IN "AIR"—"GET SET"!
WOUNDED HER PRIDE—"GOOD SHOT" AT AGE.
THE LION WOKE UP AND—INTERRUPTED DISPUTE OVER SKIN.

The time you spend on studying these winners will be well repaid when you are making up *Bullets* for yourself.

Choose from these "Examples"

FOREIGN GOODS
IT'S LEAP YEAR, SO
OUR METHOD
THE DRINK QUESTION
LEAVING US
SELECT COMMITTEE
GIVE HIM A JOB AND
BELOW PAR
THINKING OF OTHERS
SLAVE TO TRADITION
SPENDING MORE
TOUGH LUCK
NOT STRIKING
CHANCELLOR'S HARVEST
MAN WHO'S GOT EVERYTHING
QUIET AS A MOUSE
RETIRING
MAKING WAY
TO SAVE HIS SKIN
RUBBING HER EYES
TIT FOR TAT
PARADING THE STREETS
CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK
"HULLO, TWINS!"
NOBODY WORRIES WHEN
STOPPED
WITH A TREMBLING HAND
LONELY FURROW
MOVING IN
ANOTHER
PUTS YEARS ON ME
IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, BUT

☛ **The result of Competition No. 831 ("Bullets" Big Xmas-Box Offer) will appear in our next issue, published on Thursday, January 7.**

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed / & Co. /. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

IMPROVE YOUR "BULLETS" WITH THIS FREE HELP

HAVING won only a "Target" Prize and one half-crown, Mr. W. Edgar, 75, Landseer Road, Liverpool, made up his mind to aim at a big improvement in his *Bullets*.

Knowing what *Bullets Bulletin* had done for other "plodders," he decided on a careful study of its columns every week—it cost him just a halfpenny postage for each issue.

The result of that wise investment came speedily. Thanks to the free assistance he had received in JOHN BULL'S little weekly, he made up the *Bullet* ONE MORE—"LAST STRAW"—JANUARY'S "HARVEST," and so captured the Second Prize of £50 in No. 828.

"I am more glad than I can tell you," wrote the winner, "especially when I recall the remark that I was only wasting my time."

A Prize in Itself.

To have this cheery *Bullets* messenger arriving at your home every Thursday morning will give you fresh strength in the fight for big prizes.

Many readers regard *Bullets Bulletin* as a prize in itself—certainly it is the next best thing to a prize, for you will find yourself making better *Bullets* after you have read your very first copy. And now that the New Year edition is just about to be issued, this is the best time to join the circle of regular readers. Fill up the coupon provided and post it off this evening!

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 833 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the first prize-winner in Competition No. 830 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. H. & M. Sheppard, 25, Kilmarnock Road, Giffnock, Glasgow.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(833) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 9 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(833) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 9 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. — Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(833) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 9 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(833) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 9 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. — Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

☛ **Address Entry:— "Bullets" No. 833, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " and Co."), payable to "John Bull" to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

ADDRESS.....

.....

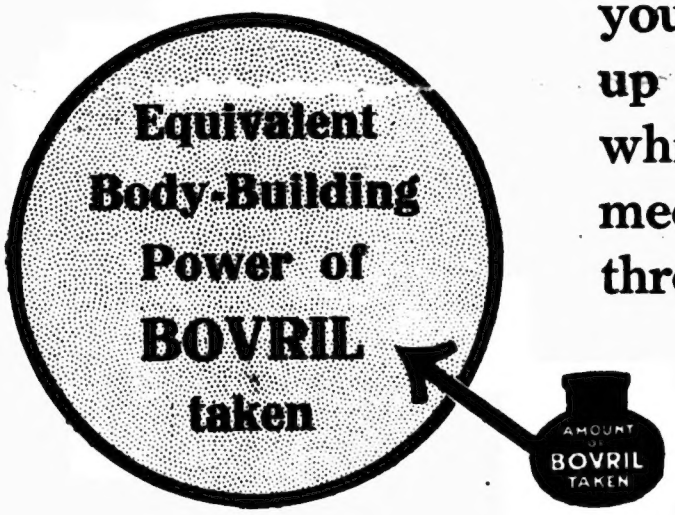
Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

RECORD FIRST PRIZE £1,250 NEXT WEEK ONLY

Take care of Yourself - take BOVRIL

Taking care of yourself doesn't just mean wrapping up and avoiding draughts—people who coddle themselves in that way are very often the first to catch colds or chills: it means making sure that your vitality is kept at a high level by proper nutrition.

That is exactly where you find the special value of Bovril in winter. It sets the circulation flowing freely—and replaces the vitality which the cold and damp take out of you. And so when you take Bovril regularly you are progressively building up reserves of strength with which to resist illness and meet the strain of hard work through the winter.



The Body-Building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific tests on human beings to be from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.

Bovril gives fitness without fatness.

DRINK BOVRIL AND ENJOY THE WINTER

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